

# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

VOL. XLV

OCTOBER 1910

NO. 10



W. B. FIRST ATTEMPT

1866

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Portrait of Prest. Joseph F. Smith. Frontispiece

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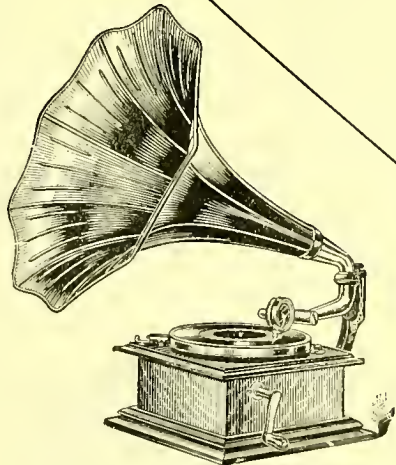
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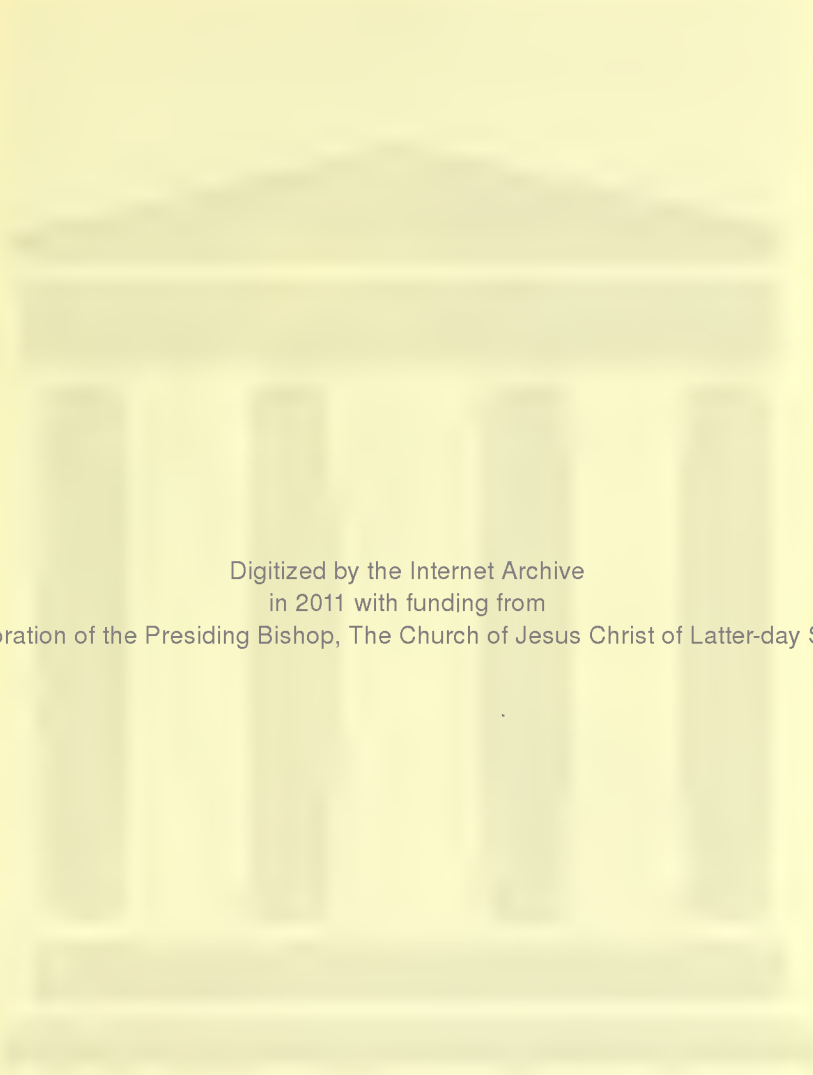


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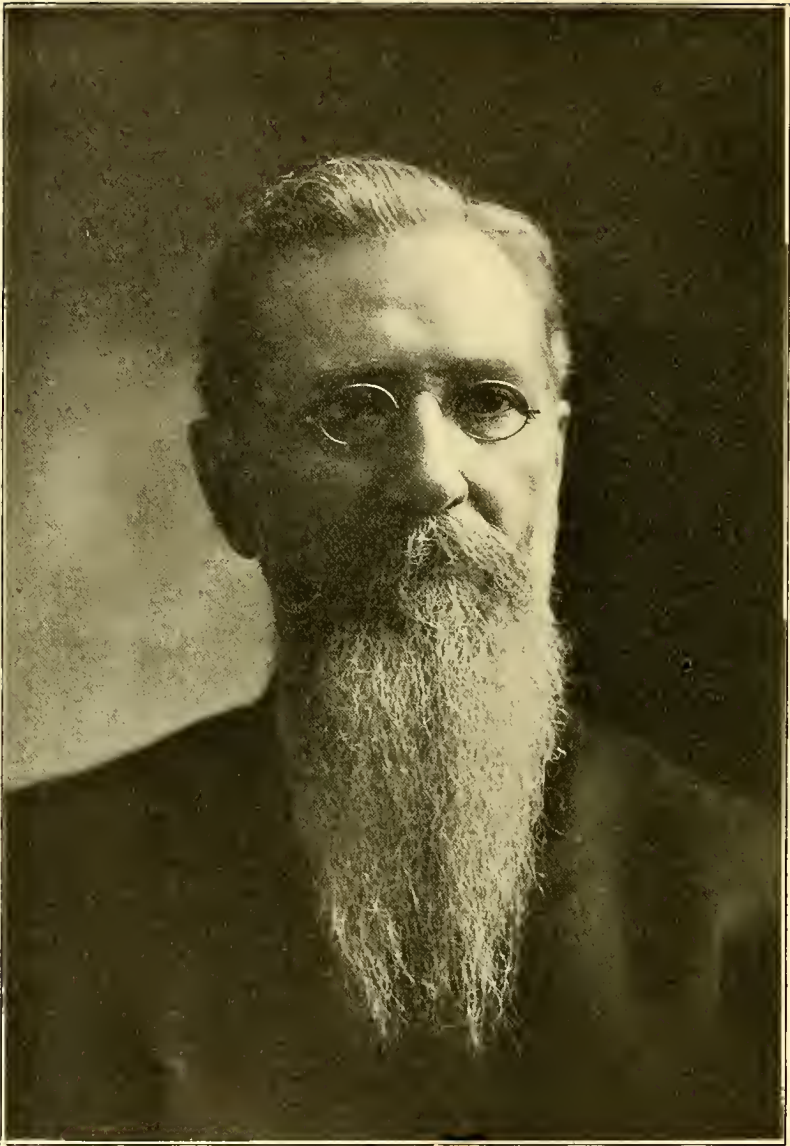
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Vol. XLV.

OCTOBER, 1910.

No. 10.

## What of the Barnacles?

By Lon J. Haddock.

Of the institutions that contribute most toward the making of character in the children of the Saints, the Home and the Sunday School, undoubtedly, stand first. The sweet influence of the family circle; the wise, thoughtful, hard-working father, with his clean moral example ever before the children; the gentle, devoted, industrious mother, with her multiplicity of household duties, smiling and patient through all; the sweet joy of companionship of happy brothers and sisters, laughing, shouting, romping, making of life one long, glorious holiday, and closing and sanctifying the whole with the evening's devotional services,—certainly a training such as this, begun with one's advent into the world and continued until the wider activities of life call us into new home environments, cannot fail to exert an influence that must remain with us while life lasts.

### Home Influences.

So, too, the sweet influence of the Sabbath School, wherein our infantile lips were first taught to utter the glorious lessons of life; where Sabbath after Sabbath we met with our little companions, dressed in our best apparel, eager to join in the opening song of praise to the kind Father above, of whom we were learning the first great truths. The first great practical lesson of the Lord's Supper, administered by pure, holy men; the

### Sunday School as a Help.

sweet, persuasive influence of the kind teachers, who throughout the week, in study and prayer, had been laboring to prepare those things which would best meet our growing needs. What finite mind would attempt to measure its influence upon our after life? Look for it among the strong men and women to be found everywhere in the communities of the Latter-day Saints! Mark the deportment, the daily standard of living of the leaders of the Church. Find it in the purity and chastity of the Mormon girl and boy. Note that it exacts *the one standard of living of the boy as of the girl*; no privilege, no license to sin because he is a boy, but demanding that he live up to every law and requirement that his gentle calling as a Priest of God exacts of him.

And yet, the child cannot always be at home, nor can it be at all times under the careful guardianship of the Sunday School teachers. There comes a time when the call of life is heard from out the distance. Every mother knows with what a feeling almost akin

### First School Days.

to regret, she has led her little ones to school for the first time. *For the first time it will be out of her personal care and training!* For the first time it will be under influences different to those in which it has been reared!

From this day forth her precious darling will be thrown into daily contact with children whose home training, perhaps, has not been of the standard she herself has sought to maintain. Small wonder, then, that her heart is filled with a tender yearning to keep her little one to herself. *But the law of life is inexorable. The child must get an education, and in order to get an education, it must go to school.* So if she is a wise mother, she makes the acquaintance of the teacher; explains to her or him, as the case may be, the temperamental traits of the child; inquires into the sanitary conditions at the school; questions closely the little one at night; goes over with it the experiences of the day; learns of the pastimes and habits of its school-mates, thereby learning, herself, just where to suggest a change, just where to modify or encourage. So, too, the father, if he be a wise father,—and certainly such a mother deserves a wise husband—studies closely the environment of the home and the school; keeps himself ever on the alert for the secret vices and insidious evils that creep spectre-like into the very best regulated communities; strikes with firmness and decision wherever evil deigns to lift its slimy head, bearing ever in mind that the things of this world in time will decay and perish, but the moral character of his family is to him a matter of eternal consequence.

But the duties of life bear heavily upon us, and, try as we may, we cannot keep our children from hearing and seeing things that our parental judgment tells us is not for their good. How easily one little careless word dropped at random by an unthinking adult, can start a train of ugly thought

|                               |                                                                                      |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Contact<br/>with Evil.</i> | in the mind of a<br>growing boy or girl!<br>How quickly an evil<br>suggestion, whis- |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

pered in the ear, can shatter the ideals of a lifetime's building! Yet we fail dismally, at times, to provide against these very evils. A short time ago, in

company with a friend, the writer had occasion to transact some business at the little town of ———, situated midway between Ogden and Salt Lake City, in the center of the most glorious strip of agricultural land to be found anywhere in the world. As we approached the town, one of our horses began to limp, and investigation developed a loose shoe. As we were to leave the team there for the night, the livery man volunteered to have the matter attended to, leaving us free to transact our business in time to catch the train returning to Salt Lake. However, our business having been transacted and there being yet some time remaining, my companion suggested that we stop for a moment at the blacksmith shop, as he desired to leave some instructions regarding the shoeing of the horse.

The smithy stood upon the main street of the town, directly opposite the leading mercantile establishment. The doors were flung wide, as is the custom with smithies. Several men stood idling about, while the smith, a big, husky fellow, struggled valiantly with the forefoot of a big stallion, in an attempt to shoe the same. One of the spectators was engaged in conversation with the blacksmith as we approached and had just arrived at the exceedingly curious point of wondering "where old Jack is now." The reply to this simple query came from the sweating blacksmith, as with the huge horse's foot clasped tightly between his knees, and head bent close to his work, he deftly tapped the shoe into place. And such a reply to such a commonplace remark! A stream of obscenity and blasphemous phrases, utterly filthy, reeking of rotteness and depravity! For a moment we stood

|                             |                                                                               |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>A Case in<br/>Point.</i> | there, stunned, bewildered by its very<br>lewdness. Shudderingly I looked up. |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

The sun was still shining. Just over the way the trees thrilled and trembled under the gentle kiss of the summer breeze; fleecy clouds floated lazily across

the sky and passed on over the mountains. Up near the hills the yellow wheat shimmered in the sunlight, and faint in the distance the whistle of the approaching train was borne to our ears. All outside nature whispered of God and—again a remark was passed and again the blighting flood of filth burst forth in all the careless abandon of an utterly depraved nature. Never before in my experience have I been forced to listen to a human being from whose blasphemous lips rolled more glibly the sacred name than the angels of heaven murmur in hallowed reverence. Disgusted and sick at heart we turned away. As we rounded the corner the school house came into view. The day's exercises were just drawing to a close, and laughing and shouting, down the street came the precious children of this beautiful little city. Intuitively the grand swinging lines of Longfellow came into my mind:

“And children coming home from school,  
 Look in at the open door:  
 They love to see the flaming forge,  
 And hear the bellows roar,  
 And watch the burning sparks that fly  
 Like chaff from a threshing floor.”

*God help the little innocents that stop to look in at this village smithy door!* Dear little ears that had never been profaned by a slang word; pure little hearts into whose holy recesses no trace of evil had yet entered! Precious jewels, priceless beyond all compensation to their parents, and yet—and yet, the place which, as the poet so well understood, offered the greatest attraction to the children, held forth this moral leper.

Surely the men of this Mormon community are not alert to the terrible danger that menaces! Yet some

of the many men who visit at the blacksmith shop must be acquainted with the character of this man. But oh! surely, they cannot appreciate what

|                    |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|--------------------|--|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>The Menace.</i> |  | the influence of such a creature means to the community! If they did—if they did the fathers of the town would call upon this man and insist that he bridle his vile tongue, and realizing to some extent at least, that a man so vile in conversation must be vile in other respects, they would set about securing for their city a blacksmith whose daily life and conversation would square with their ideal of what should constitute a good and desirable citizen. <i>Until then, the Sunday Schools and the homes of this little city, splendid though they be, will find much of their best work brought to nought.</i> |
|--------------------|--|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

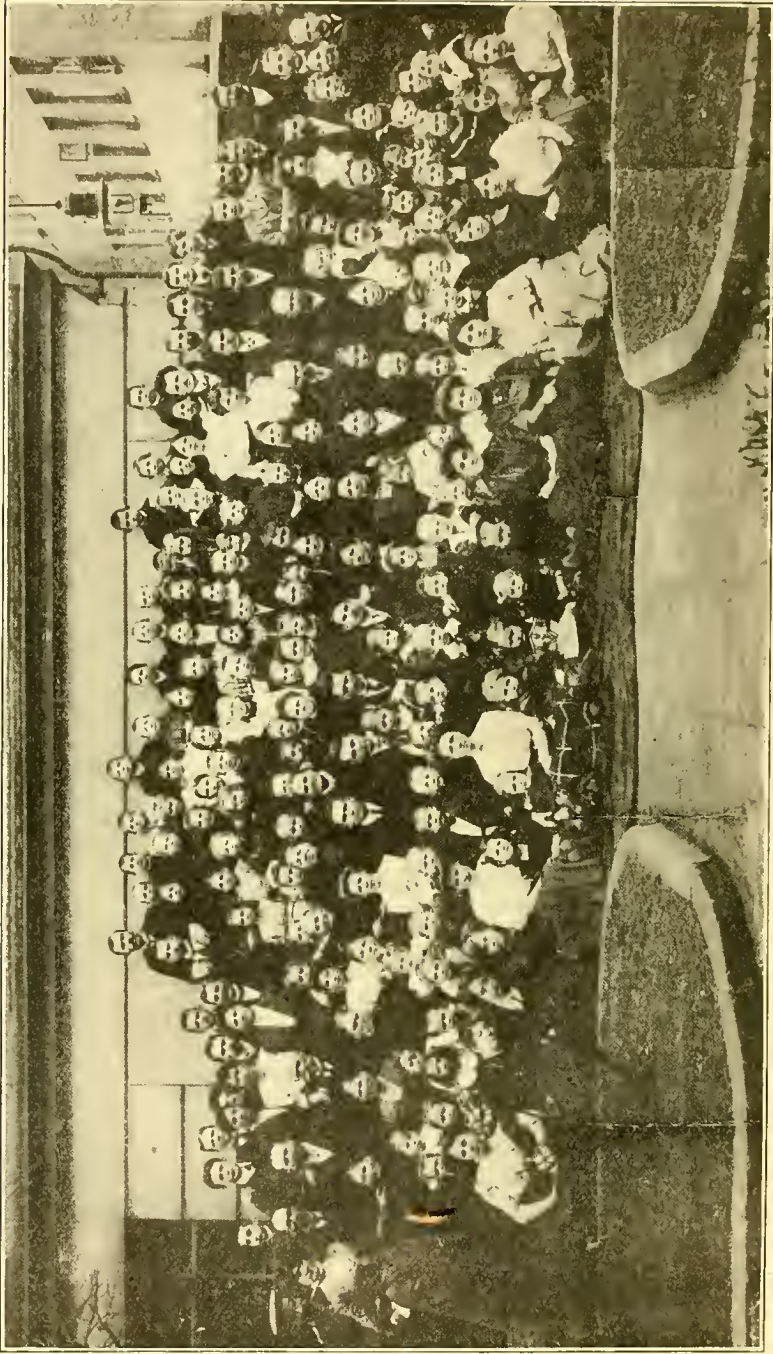
The thought, then, that this incident suggests to the mind, is the probability of similar evils arising and flourishing in other communities of the Latter-day Saints,—evils not so flagrantly

|                              |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
|------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Insidious Influences.</i> |  | revealed as this one. but subtle, insidious practices that creep in almost unnoticed and are not discovered until their infamous work is finally brought to light through the shipwreck of young lives. |
|------------------------------|--|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Here, Sunday School workers, is where the instinct of the true teacher is revealed: in the daily watchcare over his or her students. Look about, then,

|                         |  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
|-------------------------|--|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Guard the Flock.</i> |  | teachers, officers, bishops and parents. Guard the flock from the wolves that are constantly “seeking whom they may devour.” For, so far as our individual influence may be felt for good, <i>so far are we each responsible</i> for the general morals of the community. |
|-------------------------|--|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|





SUNDAY SCHOOL OF KONIGSBERG BRANCH, KONIGSBERG, GERMANY.

## Small Economies.

*By Ellen Lee Sanders.*

"Really, Mrs. Vernon," remarked that lady's spouse as he crammed his pocket book into the upright receptacle made in his coat for that article, "I can't understand how it is, when I make what most women would consider a liberal allowance for household and contingent expenses, that you can never help out a church or charity affair, or subscribe for a paper, without a direct call upon the bank." He smiled across the table when he called himself the "bank," but he met no answering smile. Mrs. Vernon's feelings were very much hurt. It is a deadly offense to most women for anyone to even insinuate that they are not the most economical persons in the world.

Nearly every woman believes that she can get along with less, and make a good appearance, than any other person living; and it is very conducive to the happiness of home when the husband shares the opinion.

Mrs. Vernon's lips quivered for a moment, and hot rebellious tears filled her eyes, but she looked steadily out at the window until she had fought the tears back, and straightened out the pucker in her lips.

"If you haven't it to spare, never mind; I dare say I can live without the magazine I wanted; but it does not seem entirely just to me that all the reading matter that comes into this house should be selected by you, and be of the class that is printed for men alone."

"I don't know but you are right," and now they smiled into each other's faces, for they were really a very harmonious couple.

"Do you ask me, William," appealed the wife, "when you wish to buy a book, or take a new journal, or subscribe to a public enterprise?"

He did not reply—only laughed.

"You know you don't, and," she said slowly, "I would think it very humiliating if you were obliged to."

"Vanquished again! Completely routed!" Mr. Vernon said gallantly, as he kissed his wife, and hurried out in order not to lose the street car he was in the habit of taking, he said, but his wife rather thought he was tired of the argument, and had "bravely fallen back two miles," as an army does under similar circumstances.

After he was gone Mrs. Vernon began to think over the matter. She did have a liberal supply of money, all things considered, and she wondered if she really did make the best and wisest use of it all. She knew that she crowded the season, buying spring products of fruit and vegetables before they were in season, forgetting to give such things to her family in season when they were cheap, and other things had been managed on pretty much the same plan. Then, too, she had bought sugar and even potatoes in small quantities, when there was, she knew, a great saving in buying wholesale.

The purchasing of clothing had been left rather to impulse than reason, and she had often found herself the possessor of a number of really elegant and desirable articles, that were so inharmonious that they could not be worn together, thus was their usefulness minimized.

She congratulated herself that the "enemy" had "fallen back two miles" without realizing the strength of his position. She decided to reform, to keep accounts with herself, to systematize her expenditure in such a way that reason and not impulse should be her guide.

While Mrs. Vernon's imagination was still electrified by this idea, her eyes chanced to rest upon the large eight-day clock that ornamented one side of the mantel. For some time this useful friend had refused to keep time according to the schedule. The children said they thought it was tired because it lagged behind.

Here was the chance to save her first dollar clear. It would cost that to have the stolid German, who did such work, clean and oil it, so right here she resolved she would begin.

Of course, she did not know much about cleaning clocks, but, she argued with herself, it certainly would not require any great amount of skill or mechanical ability to put a few drops of oil on the bearings of a clock. Mrs. Vernon was so charmed by her new idea, that she hurried through her morning work as quickly as possible, and began operations.

She had not those correct perceptions of size and shape that seem to be natural to some people, but knowing this, she meant to be very careful.

First, Mrs. Vernon spread out a huge sheet of writing paper on the table. Removing the face of the clock, she gazed into the net work of wheels with feelings akin to awe. How anybody could have placed so many pieces so they would take up so little room and not interfere with each other, seemed to her like one of the mysteries.

The nozzle of her machine oiler she found was too large, and it spilled so much oil, and she was only getting oil on the very front ranks of wheels, and she had her doubts about so much oil being the correct thing anyhow.

Ideas beget ideas. She determined right then, that very soon, her first leisure hour in fact, she would invent an oiler on purpose to oil those back wheels and hidden bearings in a clock. It should have a long flexible nozzle as fine as a good coarse hair, and warranted to drop just the tiniest drop of oil just where it was needed.

Well, it did look like she would have to take out some of the front wheels in order to reach those at the back, as she could hardly wait to complete and patent her invention before getting the clock in running order again.

One by one she removed the parts, carefully polishing each on an old silk handkerchief, and placing it on her sheet of white paper in as nearly the

same position as it had occupied in the clock as possible, and writing near it what would further assist her to remember what it was and where it belonged.

The task of taking the clock to pieces was almost completed when someone knocked at the front door.

There was nothing for her to do but go and receive her guest or guests, and it proved to be lady callers. Perhaps they thought her very absent-minded, but she kept thinking all the time that she sat there trying to be sociable and pleasant, that this diversion would be likely to make it much harder for her to remember where the pieces belonged.

At last when they had been bowed out with the frank cordiality that only a sincere woman is capable of, Mrs.



Vernon almost flew back to her self-imposed task.

She opened the door but paused on the threshold completely overcome. This is what met her eyes:

The fat energetic two-year-old ruler of the house, awakened no doubt by the conversation in the next room, had slid from the bed, and was now sitting on the floor with his lap and mouth full of pieces of clock. The paper written all over with unavailing directions was under his feet. He looked up at her as she opened the door, and chewed



the wheels that filled his chubby hand, and cooed and laughed his approval of the new playthings.

"Oh, baby, what have you done!" cried the mother, as she fished small screws out of his mouth, and rescued wheels from under the edges of a rug, the baby's fat legs and folds of his apron.

Baby Willie screamed as only a baby dares to, until his eight-year-old sister came to see what the matter could be, and succeeded in coaxing him out of the room.

Mrs. Vernon looked at the pile of pieces despairingly. In the first place she had not an idea whether they were all there or not, and secondly she had not the slightest conception where a single piece should be put.

However, she went bravely to work, and for two hours strove diligently to solve the intricate problem, without any success to speak of.

Perhaps she would get two or three wheels to fit in some where, and they would so block up the way that the rest could not get to their places. Then she would take them all out and begin all over again.

The lunch hour approached while she was still working away, and she felt that she could not let her husband see the clock in its present condition so she hid it under the sofa, tied up the pieces not yet fitted into their places in a handkerchief, and put them in a bureau drawer.

Her eyes and her head ached, and her vanity and self-esteem were not feeling quite so well as at an earlier hour of the day. Of course, Mr. Vernon noticed the clock was not in its accustomed place the minute he opened the door. Men always do see everything they should not.

Some philosopher would confer a lasting favor on coming woman, (and we are told repeatedly that she is coming), by solving the problem of how it is, and why it is that a man who does not know whether his wife is wearing a becoming hat, or a thing no

better than a coal scuttle, who can pass a pile of uncut wood sublimely oblivious, will instantly see and be deeply interested in any small matter that his wife, well—does not wish to trouble him with.

"Where is the clock?" Mr. Vernon asked, as he entered the dining room and seated himself at the table.

"I thought it needed cleaning, it has not been keeping good time lately," replied his wife evasively, and hastened to change the subject.

After lunch was over and her husband's broad shoulders had disappeared around the corner, Mrs. Vernon got the clock from under the sofa, produced the former "contents," and with renewed energy and determination went to work.

It seemed to her while she worked with the diligence of despair, that there were as many combinations to it as there were in a Chinese puzzle. She dreaded the ridicule of her husband if she should fail. He was the "best fellow in the world," of course, but he did enjoy a joke so well that he was often merciless.

After two hours of fruitless toil she leaned back in her chair and had a good cry; but she was not yet conquered. Somehow, after this episode, the pieces seemed to have a sort of sympathy for her, and to try to shuffle into their proper places.

To the lady's great surprise, when the pieces were about half in, she happened to touch the pendulum wire, and the clock began to go. How surprised and delighted she was! After looking at it for some minutes, until convinced that she was not dreaming, she hastily put on the face, wound it up, set it at the proper hour, and put it in its accustomed place.

How relieved she felt now it was all over. Her self-esteem arose again to its normal condition. It was not such a great feat to clean a clock after all! It took a little perseverance, and considerable ingenuity, of course, but anybody with brains could do it.

There were the pieces that she had been unable to find any place for, but if the clock would run without them of what value were they? she asked herself, as she tied them up in a handkerchief and put them back in the bureau drawer.

Within a half hour the clock began to strike without waiting for the little formality of reaching the hour mark. It began, but it did seem to Mrs. Vernon that it would never quit. She counted five hundred and then left the house and took a stroll in the garden until she was sure it had got through.

During the next few hours it acted like no clock ever did before. The hands would race around over the dial face like they were running a race against time, and again they would stand perfectly still while the clock continued to tick in a loud accusing tone.

Mrs. Vernon got so nervous that she finally took it out and hid it under a bench in the wash-house, and put a pile of old carpets on top of the bench, carefully draping the sides so that not even the ticking could be heard.

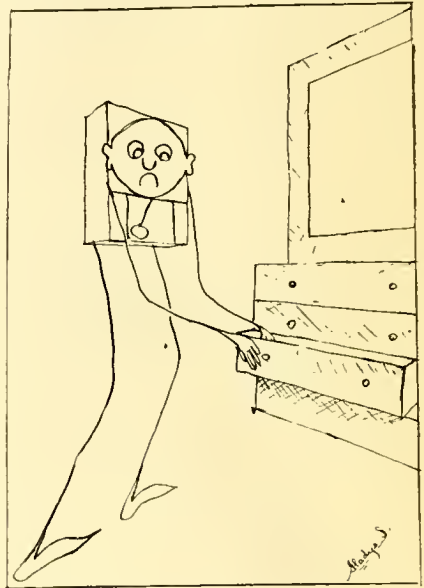
All night she dreamed about that clock. It seemed to her dreaming fancy that it was possessed of a life of its own. It walked about her room ticking loudly. Its very slender legs and inadequate feet were scarcely able to support the great dome of head, and she expected to see it dashed to bits at any moment. The place where it lingered and seemed most intent upon examining was the bureau drawer where the rest of its parts lay concealed, and Mrs. Vernon awoke in the morning more nervous about it, if possible, than when she went to bed.

Her husband had no sooner departed to his customary labor, than she brought out that clock from its hiding place and tried again to put it together. She did succeed in getting in quite a few more pieces, especially on the striking side, and boldly wound it up and placed it on the shelf.

It had improved in regularity of

speed, but the hands spun around at the rate of an hour every five minutes and the tick was deafening. Mrs. Vernon waited in a kind of resigned despair for the moment to arrive when the striking should begin. It came at last, and the clock struck twenty-five, and flew on around in its mad career. The next hour it struck sixty, and the children came in and danced a jig on the floor, calling it a "music band."

She would have taken it to the German jeweler then and there, dollar or no dollar, but she would be obliged to let it run down first, and it was an eight-day clock. Fortunately the strik-



ing side ran down before lunch time, and she took it out and hid it in the wash-house and left it there for several days. When she went to get it, its accusing voice was stilled, and with the clock and handkerchief of wheels, she marched off to the man of science.

Having had three days to think about it, the ludicrous side of the affair was uppermost in her mind as she entered the shop and poked the clock through the oval window, in front of the grave, dignified German.

"This clock," she said demurely.

"began losing time last week, and I wish you would look at it, and see if there is anything broken."

The old gentleman very deliberately took off the face of the clock, and, adjusting his glasses, surveyed the exposed interior with stolid surprise.

"Did you say, matam, that this clock was keeping goot time last week?" and



he looked at her in a cold severe way, that almost forced a sternly repressed giggle to her lips.

"Losing a little time," she repeated innocently, while the man of science turned his head on one side and looked critically into the clock, muttering as he slowly shook his head, "I haf nefer seen shust such a clock pefore."

"I undertook to clean the clock my-

self," said Mrs. Vernon, letting the giggle have its own way now, "and see here, I have wheels and screws enough to make two more clocks that I can't find any place for," and she untied her handkerchief and displayed the contents.

When the clock maker, mender and cleaner finally understood, he laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

Mrs. Vernon went home much relieved in mind, but when her husband received an itemized bill for cleaning the clock, two items of which were for lost wheels, he came home much mystified.

"Did you give the baby the clock to play with?" he asked his wife as he spread out the bill before her.

"No, William, it is even worse than that. I undertook to clean it myself to save expenses, and while I had callers baby took it. I don't care a cent about the bill now, I am wondering if the baby really ate those two missing wheels!" The whole story had to be told then, and Mr. Vernon was very much amused, if it had cost him two extra dollars.

Mrs. Vernon's efforts at economy did not end with this episode, and she found by keeping accounts she was able to save dimes that grew to dollars, till intelligent planning became a fixed habit which she trained her children to do so gently that it was part of their characters.

## Theodore Roosevelt and the Sunday Schools.

"Pray express the assurance of my hearty good will to those engaged in giving a world character to organized Sunday School work. All good citizens must cordially sympathize with the effort to secure for the children of all countries, for those who will come after us and in whose hands the destinies of their several nations will lie, the education in things spiritual and

moral, that even more than the education of the head and the hand are necessary to the making of the highest type of citizenship. I wish all success to those, whatever their creed, who disinterestedly and in a spirit alike of common sense and devotion to duty thus seek to train the future generation in the things of the Spirit no less than in the things of the body."



## How Trice Learned to be Cautious.

Trice is a bull terrier, white, with a few tan spots. He wears a bright new leather collar with his name written on it in silver and brass bosses. I think this collar is responsible to a certain extent for the autocratic attitude Trice assumes toward other dogs; just as the ownership of a new pair of boxing gloves or a football causes a small boy to puff out his chest and assume a haughty manner toward his playmates.

Trice was not quarrelsome, but was not very anxious to avoid trouble; he went about with his little head up, looking with disdain on all common dogs, but when one growled or showed its teeth at him, nothing but the ignominious flight of the offending dog could avert a fight. So you see he was not the very worst kind of dog, he was in no sense a bully, but he had a rather exalted idea of his rights, and would not allow any dog to infringe on what he thought his rights. He had not learned, being only a dog, that others had rights as well as he, and to avoid trouble he must keep out of other dog's yards and away from the teams they were guarding. The only thing with which he concerned himself was how others treated him, which, as we all know, is an exceedingly selfish and narrow way of looking at things.

For cats Trice had an insatiable hatred, and he was never so happy as when he was killing one. Anything in the form of a cat, big or little, or anything that resembled a cat was never safe in his sight—that is if there were any means at all of getting at it.

We were going for a trip in the mountains and there was no one to leave Trice with, so of course he had to go along. He was the happiest little dog you ever saw as well as the most important—in his own opinion. He reminded me of the Marshal of the Day at a Fourth of July street parade as he ran from the head pack

horse to the last horseman of the party to see that all were in line and coming along all right. Indeed, he seemed to feel himself responsible for the well-being of the whole party. But even the pack horses were so well behaved that the busy little dog found plenty of time to chase all the rabbits and prairie dogs along the route, but fortunately for the rabbits and prairie dogs he never caught them far from their holes, and Trice felt himself so necessary to the party that he never remained long to bark after the vanished quarry.

About the middle of the second forenoon out we saw Trice jumping around a small greasewood and barking with all his might. "That's something unusual," said one of the boys, "he apparently has something there he does not want to leave." As he spoke he drew his horse out of the road and started to ride out to where the dog was. Trice, on seeing him, became very much excited and jumped about and barked with all the strength he had. Then he saw him attack something viciously. Several of the party rode out to watch the scrimmage, and found the dog in a fight with what must have seemed to him the most peculiar cat he had ever met, for all his favorite methods of fighting cats seemed to have but little effect upon the loose-skinned animal he was now mixed up with. The badger, for it was one of those tough little creatures which Trice had mistaken for a cat, was giving him one of the most interesting as well as one of the most gory fights of his life. Occasionally Trice would stand and look at the animal for an instant with the greatest of surprise in his wise little face, then he would attack the creature with all the savagery of his nature. The boys, seeing that the fight was likely to be a long one, and knowing that Trice would never leave the badger so long

as it showed any signs of life, came to his aid with a sixshooter, and Trice had the satisfaction of shaking the animal as hard as he wanted to without further injury to himself. Of course, since he was only a dog, he did not know that it is an inglorious thing to continue fighting a vanquished foe.

The experience with the badger rather increased the natural savagery of Trice's nature, and all the little animals along the road had to scamper for their lives.

One day when we had reached the higher parts of the forest, Trice saw what appeared to be a very bushy cat sitting partly under a fallen log, and made for it as fast as his little feet would carry him. I saw what it was and called to the dog in my most authoritative tone, but too late; already he had the animal by the middle of its back. He gave it one vicious shake, then dropped it. All round his mouth and jaws was a fringe of quills—he had attacked a mountain porcupine. He did not whine or cry as would most dogs under similar circumstances, but sat up and began clawing at his mouth with his front feet, lacerating his lips with his nails, but to him that seemed a slight thing compared with

the sting of the poisoned quills. We all dismounted and several of the boys tried to help the dog get rid of the quills, but it was no easy task. There were thousands of them—in his mouth, his tongue, his throat, his nose. It took one man to hold his front feet to keep him from tearing his mouth with his claws, and two others worked at the quills. Before we could get them all out many had worked in almost their entire length and we had to let them go. We had no difficulty whatever in getting the dog away from that "cat:" he had had enough. It was not hard to keep Trice near the horses all the remainder of the trip: he seemed to have lost his taste for fighting cats.

I wish I could say that his reform was complete, but to be truthful, he sometimes finds the temptation to chase a cat too much to withstand. He is in general, however, much milder in his hatred for cats, and the neighbor's big black and white pussy can sun itself on the back porch with perfect safety. Trice will never attack a cat unless he sees it standing or running—cats crouching or partly hidden are safe when he comes around: he has not forgotten his encounter with the bushy cat partly hidden under the fallen log.

—By A. P.

## Every Mother and Child.

*By Bessie Cahoon Newton.*

There's just one mother in the world!

She's sweeter than the rest—

But all the older children say

"I know that *mine's* the best!"

"There's one dear boy in all the world!"

My mother says to me—

But all boys' mothers say so, too,

As near as I can see.

But mother says, "My boy, we're right,

And so are all the rest—

For every child and mother true

Must love each other best!"



TWO FAITHFUL PARENTS' CLASS WORKERS.

Brother George Crane, whose picture appears above, is the oldest Parents' Class supervisor in the Church, being now in his seventy-ninth year. He lives in Kanosh, Millard Stake, and has an average attendance in the Parents' Class in the ward Sunday School of thirty, the enrollment being about forty.

Sister Crane is by his side in the

picture, as Brother Crane always desires her to be in life.

Recently a member of the General Board remarked to Brother Crane that he was fortunate in having married such a choice housekeeper. "Yes," he replied, good-humoredly, "we both drew prizes."

Brother Crane is still young and active.

### The Value of Quiet Thoughts.

It is good for a man to have holy and quiet thoughts and at moments to see into the very deepest meaning of God's word and God's earth, and to have, as it were, Heaven opened before his eyes; and it is good for a man sometimes actually to feel his heart overpowered with the glorious majesty of God and to feel it gushing out with love to his blessed Savior. But it is not good for him to stop there, any more than it was for the apostles; they had to leave the glorious vision and do Christ's work; and so have we. For, believe me, one word of warning spoken to keep a little child out of sin; one crust of bread given to a beggar man because he is your brother for whom Christ died; one angry word checked when it is on your lips for the sake of Him Who was meek and lowly in heart—in short, any, the smallest, endeavor of this kind to lessen the quantity of evil which is in yourselves and in those around you is worth all the speculations, and raptures in the world. For those are the good fruits of faith, whereby alone the tree shall be known whether it be good or evil.—*Charles Kingsley.*



## Lincoln Gems.

Work, work, work is the main thing.

I know I am right, because I know liberty is right.

Faith in God is indispensable to successful statesmanship.

The Lord must love the common people; that is why He made so many of them.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it.

You can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in.

I should be the most presumptuous block-head upon this footstool if I for one day thought that I could discharge the duties which have come upon me since I came into this office without the aid and enlightenment of One who is stronger and wiser than all others.

Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed first. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. No men are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty.

# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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 David O. McKay - - - 1st Asst. General Supt.  
 Stephen L. Richards - - 2nd Asst. General Supt.  
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SALT LAKE CITY - - OCTOBER, 1910

## The General Board: Its Organization, Duties and Functions.

[Address by Elder Henry Peterson, at the Conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union, April 9, 1910.]

There are in the General Sunday School Union Board at the present time thirty-three members. Of these thirty-three members, three are of the First Presidency of the Church, three are members of the Apostles' quorum, one is a member of the First Council of Seventy, two are Stake Presidents; the other twenty-four are also engaged in other church activities. In fact, all those who are laboring in the Deseret Sunday School Union Board are very busy men. They are organized into committees as follows: general council

committee (consisting of the general authorities of the Church), appointments, rules, executive, enlistment and statistics, mission Sunday Schools, and Union meetings. These are all of them general administration committees, having under their supervision and control the various works concerning the Sunday Schools as a whole throughout the Church. There are besides these, the usual department committees. There is a committee of the General Superintendency, a committee of the Secretaries, Treasurers, Choristers, and Librarians. There are committees having in charge the Parents' Class, Theological, Second Intermediate, First Intermediate, Primary and Kindergarten workers. In fact, in this respect, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board is and has been for years organized as it has been suggested that the stake boards should organize themselves. These committees have the supervision of the work performed in their respective departments. They are usually composed of three or four members, and to them are referred all department subjects. They take up all department affairs referred to them and consider them in their meetings. Sometimes matters are referred to the respective committees with power to act. However, as a general rule in the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, all reports are returned to the board for united action.

There is one committee that, probably, because of its name, needs some explanation to those who have not been in close touch with it. I refer to the committee on enlistment and statistics. In recent years it has been found that there are a large number of children throughout Zion who have not been enrolled in our Sunday Schools, and a systematic movement has been taken up to enroll just as many of the children of the Saints as possible. To

this end there has been organized in the Deseret Sunday School Union Board a committee doing this missionary work, or having the supervision thereof.

The members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, though they are active both spiritually and temporally, find it no burden upon them to meet once a week. They are setting the example to the stakes in this movement. For a long time this has also been suggested to other Sunday School workers. Members of this board find that it is actually necessary in order to transact the great amount of work that comes before them; they could not very well get along without these meetings once a week. They are held on the Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock. In the general session of the board, there is a regular order of business, such as has usually been urged upon the stake boards. This order of business is followed up usually in the meetings, unless there is something of very great and unusual importance that takes precedence of that by action of the board. Sometimes, for very important business, the regular order is suspended, that time may be given to those particular topics.

It perhaps is not necessary to say very much upon the duties of the members of the Deseret Sunday School Union Board. The Sunday Schools have been organized so long in our midst, we are so familiar with this organization, that all understand the great object of the Sunday School work more or less, and it will be understood by all that the Deseret Sunday School Union Board is organized for this work, having the responsibility of seeing that the Gospel is taught to the children of the Saints throughout all the world. It is the duty of the general board to see that Sunday Schools are organized wherever there is a sufficient number of children to justify such a movement, that they may be taught the Gospel of Jesus Christ from their childhood up, and that those

standards of morality, for which the Latter-day Saints have been led here to the mountains, to a place of comparative isolation, in order that they might develop these ideals, may be maintained.

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If there is one thing our Sunday School organization stands acquitted of, it is the offense of worrying the people about donations. **The Nickel Fund** Once a year, only, a call is made for a nickel contribution from each member to carry on the general Sunday School work. Considering the increase in the expenses of the board during the last few years, and the tremendous work to be accomplished, the amount required seems but a pittance; and yet if this call were fully responded to, the amount received would be ample, with economy, to meet every legitimate expense of the General Board. Last year the fund fell far short of the required one hundred per cent and as a result the heavy expenses caused by attending the numerous conventions of 1910, put the Board in an embarrassing position.

An organization such as ours should be so infused with a spirit of loyalty that every plan devised by its leaders for the advancement of the work, could be successfully carried out. We wish this might be done without money; but it requires means to pay for railroad fares, stationery, rents, light, etc. We think, however, that our officers are thoroughly interested, and that the fund, this year, will be the largest ever collected.

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The deserted canyons and empty pleasure resorts indicate that the summer holidays are over and that **Work Ahead** the fall and winter duties are at hand. Reports of the summer's work show that many of our Sunday School officers and teachers were among those fortunate enough to enjoy the innocent recrea-



tions afforded by the beautiful natural mountain resorts so near on every hand. Truly, we do not object to such enjoyments; but, naturally, the absence of a large number of the leading workers has had a sluggish effect upon our schools, many of which have been allowed to languish and deteriorate. As these teachers are now back in their places, we deem it timely to urge them to put on the armor of activity once more, and strive with a will to lift the schools to a higher standard than ever. One cannot go along in a hap-hazard way and expect even a Sunday School to be successful. It requires work, *work*, WORK. And leaders must direct if good results are to follow. So, Sunday School workers, now is the time to take a fresh hold and set your schools in order.

*There is work ahead.*

### Christmas Story and Poem.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will give a prize of \$25.00 for the best Christmas story and \$10 for the best Christmas poem.

#### RULES.

Stories must contain at least three thousand but not to exceed five thousand words.

Poems should not contain more than enough verses to fill two pages of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, leaving room for a decorative border.

Any writer may submit more than one contribution.

Manuscripts should be typewritten; or, if that is impossible they should be written in a neat and legible hand.

Copy must be written on one side of the paper only and sent either flat or folded. No rolled copy received.

All manuscripts must be in our hands by November 1st.

Contributions must be signed by *nom de plume* and a sealed envelope containing the correct name and ad-

dress of the writers should accompany the manuscripts. These will not be opened until the awards shall have been made.

#### YOUR BOOK STORE.

Do you know that you own a book store?

The Deseret Sunday School Union conducts a supply house and book store at No. 44 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City. The store is maintained principally to supply our Sunday Schools and Sunday School workers at first hand, and at the best possible price, all books and other supplies they need. Any profit that may accrue reverts to the general Sunday School fund and is used in the up-building and assisting the great Sunday School cause. The business, therefore, belongs to the Sunday Schools. All Sunday School workers, being interested in the work are also interested in their store. Recently the store has been enlarged and improved, and the stock increased. We have a nice place.

When you come to Salt Lake remember that you are interested, that you are one of the members of the firm. Call and see what you think about your store. Make it your headquarters and meet your friends there.

Ask to be shown our complete stock, and then you will get some idea of our ability to fill your mail orders so promptly.

The address is Deseret Sunday School Union Book Store, No. 44 E. South Temple Street.

### Juvenile Agents and Subscribers.

We hope all of our agents and subscribers will call on us when they come in to conference. Let us explain our mailing system to you. It will be interesting. We want to meet you and hear any suggestions you have to make. Our office is at 44 East South Temple St., Salt Lake City.

## Peace to the Priesthood.

I pray God, my Heavenly Father, to bless you as Elders in Israel, as High Priests, as Seventies, and all the lesser priesthood. May peace abide and abound with you, and oh! may the Spirit of Truth, may the enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit, may the power of the living God rest down upon those, one and all, who have been ordained to the Holy Priesthood which is after the order of the Son of God, and the appendages that belong to it! May the Lord bless you in your homes; bless you as husbands; bless your wives; bless your children and your children's children to the latest generation! May God prosper Israel in all her abidings! May the Lord bless the earth for your sake and make it fruitful! May He prosper you and bless you! May He multiply your flocks and your herds and prosper you in the labor of your hands; and may you always feel inspired and inclined to honor the Lord with the first fruits of all your increase; so shall your barns be filled with plenty, and the Lord will pour out His Spirit upon you more abundantly! God bless Zion, and the Lord have mercy upon her enemies and those that seek her hurt! I have no fears in my heart, or mind, that that which is called Mormonism—which is indeed the Gospel of Jesus Christ—will not bear the scrutiny of science and the researches of the learned and literate into all truth. The Gospel of Jesus is founded in truth. Every principle of it is susceptible of demonstration beyond any just reason for contradiction. The Lord is doing His work and will do it, and no power can stay it.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.



David O. McKay

First Assistant General Superintendent, Deseret Sunday School Union.



# DEPARTMENT WORK

## Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and  
Stephen L. Richards.*

### Stake Boards: Qualifications of Members, Organization, Duties, Etc.

A very great responsibility rests upon the stake boards. Whether that board performs its work well of course depends upon the energy that is put forth by the members thereof. Therefore members should be selected who are perfectly willing to abide by all the regulations of the board, and these regulations I think we all understand. I believe that sometimes stake board members are called to their work in a way wherein they are not impressed fully with the responsibility that rests upon them. In some cases a stake superintendent has simply gone and spoken to an individual, and said, "We would like to have you on the board." The individual sometimes reports, "Well, I am very busy. I cannot give much time to it, but I am willing to do what little I can;" and under those conditions he is accepted, and probably he does very little. I believe that much good could be done if care were exercised in the method of calling these brethren and sisters into the stake board. I know of a stake that follows this order: The stake superintendent first goes to the presidency of the stake, and asks for the individual. The stake presidency passes upon it, and, if favorably, then the superintendent goes to the bishop of the ward in which the individual resides, and, if the bishop's consent is secured, it is reported back to the presidency of the stake. Then the presidency of the stake calls this brother or sister to their meeting, where they are told very clearly the responsibilities that are going to be placed upon them, and they

are asked whether they can spend the time and the energy and do the work that is required of them. If they are agreeable to living up to all the regulations, then it is reported to the stake superintendency, and they are sustained and set apart on the board. In the particular stake to which I have referred I believe that all board members feel fully the responsibilities that rest upon them.

Of course, all stakes have a superintendency and other officers, and I believe it is common throughout all of the stakes to have a committee of board members for every department in the Sabbath School. But in some stakes they have additional committees; a committee on attendance, a committee on class work; and in one stake that I am familiar with there is a committee on janitor work and ventilation, which is held responsible for the condition of buildings throughout the stake. That committee has been able to accomplish a great deal of good and overcome conditions that previously had been unfavorable to good Sabbath School work.

As to board meetings. The most successful board meetings are held where they have a regular order of business, something of this order: Singing and prayer, and then a singing practice wherein the board members become thoroughly familiar with the songs that are being practiced throughout the stake. Then a drill in the memory work that is being conducted throughout the stake, after which the members go into class work, or into departments, where they consider the lessons that are being taught in the various departments. Thus

they become familiar with the lessons that are being considered, and at Union meeting they are thoroughly prepared to take up the work and conduct it. In re-assembling from class work, there might follow the report from departments, committee reports, unfinished business of a previous meeting, and then new business. Now, new items can usually be referred to the appropriate committee. That committee meets before another Union, and they thresh out carefully the matter, and submit a report. And I believe the most successful reports are those that are written and presented in a definite form, so that they can be clearly understood and passed upon by the board.

Now with reference to visits or visiting: That is one of the essential parts of the work of a board member. I feel that it has been the case in some of the stakes that stake board members have been too general in their work in the local schools. They have gone there without anything definite in their minds, taken a general survey of the school, and before leaving have made a few general remarks, which mean very little to the school. A board member should go into a school to help in some particular problem or problems, and he should be prepared on that particular work, and take the problem right where the previous member has left it off, unless it be a new one. He should report carefully just what was done, and the next visitor having a clear report of it in his possession, knows just where to begin, and so can follow up the work. Often a member of a stake board goes into a local school, and sees some little things wherein he can be helpful, gets enthusiastic and probably he enthruses the school over it; but it may be a year before he returns in his visit to that particular school. He goes away, and no report is made of it; nothing more is done, and probably the thing is completely forgotten. The thing is well started, but is allowed to die out. Now then if he should make a written re-

port, so that the next visitor could take that thing up and carry it on, every suggestion might be carried to a successful conclusion. Here is where stake boards can be of very great benefit to the schools that they visit. I believe that in much of our work, as Sunday School workers, in almost every stake we have that one failing: we are too general. We speak of things in such a general way that we never get right down to the real business and the real thing, and in that way we are not the help that we ought to be. I believe that in that particular the stake boards can be of much more benefit to the local schools than they have been heretofore—Sylvester D. Bradford at last Sunday School Union Conference.

#### NICKEL FUND.

We desire to direct the attention of superintendents to an article in the treasurer's department of the September issue pertaining to Nickel Sunday and the manner of making the nickel collection. We feel that the suggestions made by the treasurer's department are very timely and we strongly recommend that superintendents adopt the method suggested, or some other way of promptly collecting and reporting the nickel fund. If the distribution of the envelopes and the collection of the same is properly looked after in the way suggested by the treasurer's department, the whole matter ought to be entirely off the hands of the school by the last Sunday in October. If this result can be accomplished, it will of course be greatly appreciated, not only by the General Board, but by the stake and ward Sunday School authorities.

We hope, too, that superintendents will make a special effort to secure a contribution of at least five cents from every member of the school. With the rapid growth of the Sunday School work there is of necessity an increase in the expense of operation and we

are sure that all Sunday School authorities will be glad to assist in securing a complete and prompt remittance of the very small subscription which is required to defray the general expenses of the Sunday School Union.

CONCERT RECITATION AT THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE.

One of the numbers scheduled on the program for the Sunday School Union meeting Sunday night, October 9th, is the recitation in concert of the Beatitudes, by the entire congregation, led by the Granite Stake Board. It is hoped that all Sunday School workers will make themselves familiar with the words so that the recitation will be the greatest ever given in the Tabernacle.

WORTH WHILE.

"If we look into the causes and the working out of things with thought and intelligence, we easily recognize that it is not worth while to work or study or do anything for the sake of ourselves alone, neither is it worth while

to work or study or do anything for the sake of making one's self a special providence to other people. We really cannot do that if we try, and it is worse than useless to try it; but it is worth while to study or work or do anything to the very best of our ability for the sake of preparing ourselves to take every good opportunity that life opens to us to improve ourselves and to serve others and to take every such opportunity entirely and thoroughly.

If we absorb and act from the power we gain consistently and truly as the path opens, we cannot help finding what is worth while. For what is worth while depends upon the spirit with which we do it, and only secondly upon what we do. Those two being right, details open up and are attended to as a matter of course."—Anna Payson Call, in *Progress Magazine*.

"The most successful teacher is not always the one with the greatest intellectual endowments, or with the most magnetic power. The most successful teacher is the one who is most successful in impressing the lesson on the scholar's mind and heart."

CONCERT RECITATION FOR NOVEMBER.

(Col. 3: 17.)

And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.

OR

(Psalms 107: 1.)

O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good: for His mercy endureth forever.

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SACRAMENT GEM.

(Deseret Sunday School Songs, No. 281.)

Help us, O God, to realize  
The great atoning sacrifice,  
The gift of Thy beloved Son,  
The Prince of Life, the Holy One.



## Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

*Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.*

### Monthly Reports.

Our monthly stake report blanks have been out of print for a while, but they are again in service and a new supply for the year has been mailed to each superintendent. Some stakes are very prompt in forwarding these reports, while others are very indifferent. The general secretary has been asked by the General Board to have them at hand more regularly, so, brethren and sisters, let us renew our interest for the season.

We hope the day will soon come when every Sunday School will be required to send to the stake secretary a monthly report similar to that used by the stakes. To keep in touch with every one of the eight hundred and five Sunday Schools of the Church, monthly, and note the conditions, would spell progress from the start.

Every time a Sunday School sends in a report it audits its books, so to speak, and thus a loss or gain is noted. Why can't this be done monthly, secretaries?

### The Annual Report.

During this month, or early in November, the annual report blanks will

be distributed and it would be well for secretaries to check up and see if all the information desired by the General Board is easily obtainable. We suggest that it is not too early to examine the "annual summary" found in the printed minute book. Look over it carefully and note wherein you found your difficulties last year. Then get your forces to work to have all in readiness for a complete report at the end of the year.

We think "The Annual Report" would be a good subject for the next Union Meeting and that if handled properly it would furnish plenty of food for discussion for an entire session.

### TREASURERS, ATTENTION!

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for September explained fully a systematic way to collect the 1910 Nickel Fund, and we suggest to treasurers that they again read the article mentioned and remind superintendents of its contents. Little else remains to be *said*; the rest should be *done*. Ward treasurers should remit collections immediately to the stake Treasurer and he in turn should send the funds, less the twenty per cent belonging to the stake, to the General Treasurer, John F. Bennett, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City.

## Librarians' Department.

*Levi W. Richards, Chairman; John M. Mills, Howard R. Driggs.*

### Books for All Ages.

Many of our librarians have asked for a list of books suitable for the various ages of childhood. We take pleasure in recommending "A Mother's List of Books for Children," by Gertrude Weld Arnold, which can be secured at the Desert Sunday School

headquarters. Another valuable list was published by Hamilton W. Mabie in the *Ladies' Home Journal* about three years ago, which we take the liberty of reproducing. One third will be given this month and the balance in the November and December number. Here is the first installment:

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN UNDER FIVE  
YEARS OF AGE.

## Girls.

- "Mother Goose"  
 Classic Nursery Tales: "Cinderella"  
 "The Three Bears"  
 "Little Red Riding-Hood"  
 "Hop o' my Thumb," etc.  
 H. E. Scudder: "Fables and Folk Stories"  
 Elizabeth Harrison: "The Story-land"  
 Emilie Poulsson: "In the Child's World"  
 "Small Songs for Small Singers"  
 Kate D. Wiggin and Nora A. Smith:  
 "The Story Hour"  
 Allen A. Green: "The Good Fairy and  
 the Bunnies"  
 Helen Hunt Jackson: "Cat Stories"  
 Bible Stories

## Boys.

- "Mother Goose" (illustrated edition by  
 Nister)  
 Animal Books, by Ernest Nister:  
 "The Book of the Zoo"  
 "The Book of the Farm"  
 "The Moo-Cow Book"  
 "Our Dog Friends"  
 H. E. Scudder: "Fables and Folk Stories"  
 Grimm's and Anderson's Fairy Tales  
 "The Stories Mother Nature Told Her  
 Children," by Jane Andrews  
 Aesop's Fables  
 R. L. Stevenson: "A Child's Garden of  
 Verses"  
 Bible Stories

FOR CHILDREN FROM FIVE TO TEN YEARS  
OF AGE.

## Girls.

- Lewis Carroll: "Alice in Wonderland"  
 "Through the Looking-Glass"  
 Eugene Field: "Lullaby-Land"  
 Jane Andrews: "The Seven Little Sis-  
 ters"  
 Edith G. Alger: "Primer of Work and  
 Play"  
 "Little Goody Two Shoes," edited by  
 Charles Welsh  
 Samuel McChord Crothers: "Miss Muf-  
 fet's Christmas Party"

- Gelett Burgess: "Goops and How to be  
 Them"  
 "More Goops and How Not to be  
 Them"  
 Longfellow: "Hiawatha"  
 Laura E. Richards: "Five-Minute Stories"  
 Dinah Maria Mulock Craik: "The Little  
 Lame Prince"  
 "The Adventures of a Brownie"  
 Lucretia Hale: "The Peterkin Papers"  
 Frances N. Greene: "Legends of King  
 Arthur and His Court"  
 Thackeray: "The Rose and the Ring"  
 Mand Menefee: "Child Stories from the  
 Masters"  
 George MacDonald: "At the Back of the  
 North Wind"  
 Alice and Phoebe Cary: "Ballads for  
 Little Folk"

## Boys.

- Ruskin: "The King of the Golden River"  
 Kingsley: "Water Babies"  
 Kipling: "Just So Stories"  
 Harris: "Nights with Uncle Remus"  
 K. A. Griel: "Glimpses of Nature for  
 Little Folks"  
 "Crib and Fly: A Tale of Two Terriers,"  
 edited by Charles Welsh  
 Sidney Lanier: "The Boy's King Arthur"  
 James Baldwin: "Wonder Book of  
 Horses" (abridged)  
 "Story of Roland"  
 "Story of Siegfried"  
 "Story of the Golden Age"  
 E. V. Lucas: "Visit to London"  
 James Otis: "Toby Tyler; or Ten Weeks  
 with a Circus"  
 R. E. Francillon: "Gods and Heroes"  
 Maurice Noel: "Buz; or the Life and  
 Adventures of a Honey-Bee"  
 Kipling: "The Jungle Book"  
 "The Second Jungle Book"  
 Dr. John Brown: "Rab and His Friends"  
 Anna Sewell: "Black Beauty"  
 Jane Andrews: "Ten Boys Who Lived  
 on the Road from Long Ago to  
 Now"  
 Edward Eggleston: "Stories of Great  
 Americans, for Little Americans"  
 Hawthorne: "Wonder Book"  
 "Tanglewood Tales"

## Books.

Books have a distinct personality. They almost have life. Books are saturated with the spirit of those who make them. More than the four walls of a home, more than a Church edifice, more than the clothing of any individual, these things we call books have a character and an influence of their very own. They are the very essence and genius of the soul who has borne and reared them to independent life.—*Susa Young Gates.*

# Choristers and Organists' Department.

Horace S. Ensign, Chairman; Geo. D. Pyper, Robert Lindsay McGhie.

## Hark! O Hear those Strains now Swelling!

"Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion."—Jeremiah 31:12.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CHARLES S. NEBEKER.

*Spirited.*

1. Hark! O hear those strains now swelling, Thro' the mountain vales so clear,  
2. Thanks to Thee, our Heav'nly Father, For this promised land so fair,  
3. Lord we thank Thee that our fathers Toiled a - mid these deserts drear;  
4. May we walk in their blest footsteps, To the truth hold firm and fast.

Praises to the Lord as - cend - ing, From His cov'nant children dear.  
For our homes in these blest valleys, For our friends and kindred there.  
That all nature here might blossom, With her gracious, beauteous cheer,  
That the glories of Thy kingdom May be ours when life is past.

*p* Singing praises, singing praises, *f* Let the loud ho - san - nas ring!

*p* Singing praises, singing praises, *f* To our Fa - ther, God and King.

## Parents' Department.

*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter*

### Lecture Method in Parents' Class Work.

Wherever the Lecture Method is adopted in connection with Parents' Class work, we recommend the following:

I. The subjects should be chosen by the local supervisor, after consultation with the ward and stake authorities, and should affect *matters of general interest or of local concern*. As an illustration of such subjects we suggest the following: "Our Local Public Environments and their Betterment;" "Common Diseases and their Causes;" "The Teacher and the Parent;" etc., etc.

II. Lectures upon each subject should be given for two or three successive Sundays by *men and women thoroughly familiar with their theme*, and who, therefore, can present the same intelligently and interestingly before their hearers. Such lectures should thereupon be followed up for at least three successive Sundays by class review and discussion on the subjects treated upon; at the same time measures should be adopted by the class towards making effective the suggestions received from such lectures.

III. Generally it is *not necessary to import lecturers* for this purpose. Unnecessary expense should be avoided; and ofttimes lecturers of oratorical repute are not nearly as valuable as appearance would indicate. A large attendance at a lecture does not always mean an increased attendance at Parents' Class; and frequently eloquence is more productive of pleasure to the ear and to the mind, than it is of conviction to the heart or effective public betterment. As a matter of fact, there will be found persons within every community, or in close proximity thereto, who are amply qualified to handle specific subjects. Nor is it necessary, except when lectures affect theological subjects, that the lecturers should be members of the Church, so long as they are respected citizens of the community.

IV. As a general rule *these lectures should be given before the Parents' Classes at their Sunday morning session*, and not in a general public meeting. The purpose of these lectures is to benefit the community in general, but by the specific means of teaching and inspiring the present and prospective members of the local Parents' Classes. This purpose can generally be accomplished by giving these lectures not only under the auspices, but in the actual presence of such Parents' Classes at their regular sessions.

V. Each new set of lectures should be preceded by *public announcement*, and by thorough canvass among all the residents of the Ward, irrespective of their religious affiliation, advising them of the subject to be treated upon during the approaching lectures.

VI. At the close of each session of the Parents' Class, *all visitors should be solicited for their enrollment*. This duty devolves primarily upon the Class Supervisor, but must be exercised with care, courtesy and charity. There are people who at times have not only legitimate excuses for staying away, but whose absence, under such circumstances, would promote the object of Parents' Classes more than would their presence.

VII. In giving these lectures, as well as in doing other Parents' Class work, this fact should be distinctly kept in mind and dominate the efforts of our workers: *Parents' Classes are a part of the great Sunday School work, and Sunday Schools are a part of the great work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.*"





STEPHEN L. RICHARDS.  
Second Assistant General Superintendent, Deseret Sunday  
School Union.

## Theological Department.

*Geo. H. Wallace, Cha'rman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.*

### Paul's Voyage Toward Rome.

Paul was no mere theologian, elaborating his teaching amidst quiet and seclusion. Rather he was a large-souled man with a great purpose fulfilled amidst thrilling adventure.

In last month's study we saw that he had been declared by Felix innocent of crime against Roman law, and by Agrippa innocent of offense against Jewish law. But his appeal to Caesar made it necessary to send him to Rome. Together with other prisoners, he was placed under the charge of an able Roman officer named Julius, and embarked for Italy. Luke and Aristarchus accompanied Paul and remained with him during the greater part of his Roman imprisonment.

The voyage began well with wind and weather altogether in favor of the ship. After a day's voyage they reached Sidon and Paul was allowed on parole to land and see his friends who formed the little Christian community of that place. But the remainder of the entire voyage was a succession of delays and accidents, culminating, after two months of storm and danger, in hopeless shipwreck.

Their ship had been beaten by a steady northwest wind and finally dropped anchor in the mouth of the river Andriacus, opposite Myra, the former capital of Lycia. Here they shifted vessel, securing passage on a large Alexandrian wheat ship which had been driven out of its course, but which now intended to cross the Aegean from island to island, northward of Crete, and so to the south of Cythera, and across to Cyracuse.

Reaching Fair Havens, Paul advised to winter there; but the captain desired to reach Phenice, a good harbor of Crete. Scarcely had they weighed anchor when a sudden typhoon burst down upon them. From the moment

the fatal blast rushed down from the hills and seized the wheat-ship in its grip, the condition of the vessel was practically hopeless. The suddenness and fury of the blow left the sailors not one moment to furl the mainsail, or to do anything but leave the ship to be driven madly forward before the gale. All next day they kept throwing overboard everything that could be spared to lighten the ship. The vessel leaked badly, and labor at the pumps was in vain. To still further lighten the vessel the mainmast was cut and pushed overboard. But now the ship, which had been reduced to a leaky and dismantled hulk, rolled violently. A gloomy apathy began to settle upon the helpless three hundred souls aboard.

But in this crisis Paul retained his calm and courage, showing himself the master mind among them. He stood forth on the deck, and after gently reproaching them with having rejected his advice, which would have saved them from the trouble and loss they were experiencing, he bade them be of good cheer, for though the ship should be lost, not one of them should lose his life. "For," said he, "there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose servant I am, and whom I serve, saying 'Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee. Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.'"

There is no doubt but that it was Paul's undaunted encouragements which reinspired these despairing sailors to the exertions which ultimately secured their safety. They had drifted fourteen days, a weltering plaything for the gale, when suddenly they fancied they heard the roar of breakers through the midnight darkness. They dropped anchor and through the remaining hours of the long wintry night

stood face to face with the agony of death.

Next morning the sailors would have basely deserted the ship had it not been for the prompt energy and courage of Paul. The ship was caught in a current and driven into a bank of mud. The prow stuck fast while the stern, which was free, was being battered to pieces by the waves. The sailors were responsible with their own lives for the safety of the prisoners, and, thinking that there was now nothing to hinder

the prisoners from diving into the sea and escaping, they were about to kill them. But if any of the prisoners were killed Paul must be killed also, and Julius felt that it would be rank ingratitude to kill Paul, to whom they owed so much; he, therefore, gave orders that all who could swim should jump overboard and get to land. The rest seized hold of planks and other fragments of the fast dissolving deck. All were saved, and so ended Paul's fourth shipwreck.

## Second Intermediate Department.

*Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.*

### LESSON SIXTY-FOUR.

To most teachers this lesson will probably prove too long. It consists of four distinct units, any one of which would make a good lesson. A good clear impression and deep appreciation of one would be better than a superficial view and lack of appreciation of the entire four. The subject matter is not difficult, hence no further help is here offered.

### LESSON SIXTY-FIVE.

This lesson is also long, but it differs from the preceding in being one complete unit. It is therefore necessary to complete it all. As in the case of Nebuchadnezzar's dream in chapter two it will be well for the teacher to economize time and avoid difficulties by not going into too great detail in the application of the vision to the history of subdivided empires. Where great historians themselves find difficulty with minute application Sunday School teachers may well be cautious. Let the aim mentioned in the outline be brought out clearly.

### LESSON SIXTY-SIX.

This lesson suggests Dan. 8-12 as subject matter. That does not necessarily mean that the five chapters in-

cluded should be considered. No teacher could do thorough work on all those chapters in one Sunday School lesson. It will be better to choose out that which you like the best and make a deep, clear impression. To those who have no particular choice the ninth chapter might be suggested because of its peculiar interest and value. It contains a prophecy of the coming of the Redeemer that is remarkably clear and specific.

Scott, the Bible commentator, in introducing this chapter, says: "Daniel, being assured that the end of the captivity was near, humbles himself in confessing his sins and those of his people, and earnestly prays for the restoration of Jerusalem. Gabriel informs him that the city being rebuilt shall continue for seventy weeks of years, when the Messiah, being cut off for sins of his people, and the covenant confirmed with many, the legal sacrifices [of a lamb] would be terminated, and desolating judgments overwhelm both the city and nation."

As a comment on the "seventy weeks" and other parts of the chapter the same writer says: "It is universally allowed that the seventy weeks here mentioned mean weeks of years or what would be equivalent to seventy returns of the Sabbatical year: that is, four hundred and ninety years. The

period was *determined* or decided on, and during this term the Jews would enjoy the peculiar privileges of God's people, and Jerusalem, being rebuilt, would retain the name of the holy city; but about the expiration of these years a sacrifice would be offered making effectual atonement for sin. Superseding the necessity of the repeated legal sacrifices and sin offerings, as well as for the reconciliation and sanctification of the true people of God; an *everlasting righteousness* would also be introduced for the complete justification of every believer; the time allotted for the law and the prophets would expire; the kingdom of God would be preached and all the visions and prophecies of the Scripture con-

cerning Christ would receive their accomplishment in this Holy One of God being anointed by the Holy Ghost and in all respects perfected and exalted as the Messiah."

Another writer commenting on this, says: "There were two commands ['commandments to restore,' Dan. 9: 25] to this effect: ordering and then ordering again the restoration of Jerusalem. One of these decrees was obtained in the seventh and the other in the twentieth year of Artaxerxes." See Ezra 7: 1, 6, 7, and Nehemiah 2: 1-6. Nelson on Infidelity, p. 351.

Astronomers have figured that the first "command" was 490 solar and the later command 490 lunar years before the Messiah was "cut off."

## First Intermediate Department.

*Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.*

### OCTOBER NOTES.

Attention, or at least apparent attention may be compelled if the teacher is strong enough. Children may be compelled to sit up straight, fold their arms and look at the teacher; and yet the lesson may be a total failure. The children are unhappy and are rapidly breeding a dislike for Sunday School and, too often, for teacher and authorities generally. Where this is the case it is readily seen that more harm than good is done to the child.

Where teachers are compelled to resort to force as mentioned above, they are not doing satisfactory work and they should find out why the condition exists.

Do your children come from the general assembly to the class room in a boisterous manner? Do you allow children to get away from the Sunday School spirit, previously created in general assembly, by failing to have details in hand so as to begin operation the moment the children get to their places?

Are you so poorly prepared that you are nervous and uncomfortable standing before the class. These are three common evils any one of which will upset a class of the very finest boys and girls.

Have you permitted yourself unconsciously to cultivate some peculiar mannerisms that grate on the children's nerves? Do you permit yourself to assume a physical attitude that brings discomfort to the members of the class?

Do you begin your lesson in the same old way every Sunday? Monotony of tone or of method is disastrous to interest. You may be compelled to answer some of these queries in the affirmative. If so, you will no doubt be much surprised at your discovery. We would like every First Intermediate teacher to take an inventory of self along these lines.

It is very important that the children in our classes are comfortable. Is your class room always clean? Are the seats free from dust? Are the seats arranged in the most con-



venient form? Is there plenty of fresh air? Is the room the right temperature? Even where there is janitor service, the teacher should never fail to look into these little details herself and the time to do it is before 9:55 Sunday morning. A general air of disorder in a room will tend to make a disorderly class. Cold feet will get more of a child's attention than the teacher can possibly command.

Overheated air will cause stupor and a sleepy class.

Our task in getting keen interest is a hard one at the best, so let us throw off all these handicaps that can be so easily eliminated if we will give them a little time and attention.

The lessons in the fourth year for the month of October are full of in-

terest for both child and teachers. Let us not fail to put in enough detail so that the child gets a vivid picture of the incidents. A visit with some early settler who has been in Nauvoo and Carthage will greatly aid the teacher in making a lasting impression on the class.

Lesson thirty leaves the choosing of incidents to the teachers. It would greatly interest the class to have somebody who crossed the plains prior to the railroads take up the time of the class in giving his travels coming to Zion. Care should be taken to choose some one who can give an interesting talk and the individual should be given ample time to make careful preparation.

## Primary and Kindergarten Department.

*Chas. B. Felt, Choirmon; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.*

### Another Gentle Reminder.

We believe it was Shakespeare who said, "Men are men; the best sometimes forget." The same can be said with equal truth concerning women. For several years past, at Sunday School teachers' meetings, at Union meetings, at conventions, and through the columns of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, recommendations have been made to Primary and Kindergarten Department teachers which, we regret to say, have been entirely forgotten by some of the best of them. In consequence of this "forgetfulness," we now issue "another gentle reminder," and hope that it will be kept in remembrance by teachers until the object desired by the General Board shall have been attained.

That object is to have a great deal more of the Sunday School spirit and teaching in the Primary and Kindergarten Departments. Members of the Primary and Kindergarten committee, on paying recent visits to their depart-

ments in some of the foremost schools in the Church were surprised to see not more than ten minutes of the entire class period devoted to actual Sunday School work. The balance of the time was spent in finger plays, rest exercises, and in telling moral stories. We do not wish teachers to think for a moment that we are opposed to any of these things. We are not, where they are used in moderation; but when we see them given pre-eminence and allowed to crowd out more important work, we feel in duty bound to call a halt.

We repeat here what we have said often before: In many of the Primary classes far too much time is spent in telling moral stories, and far too little time given to the scripture stories. We have known children to return home from Sunday School so completely intoxicated with moral stories that they did not remember a single thing connected with the Bible story. The great value of stories from the Hebrew Scriptures has been so clearly shown

by prominent educators that their importance in Sunday School work cannot be questioned. Therefore, in order for our children to get the full benefit of these stories it will be necessary for teachers to devote more time to the study and preparation of them, and also to put more feeling into the telling of them.

We seldom visit a Sunday School without having the question asked us, "Where can we get good, moral stories to tell to the children?" On hearing that we are reminded of the professor who said to his pupils, "Sharpen your brains and throw away your pencils." And so we say to teachers in these departments, "Spend more time on your Bible stories and you will not need so much for moral stories." We know of a few Primary Departments from which moral stories have been eliminated, and the result has been very satisfactory. The teachers have so thoroughly developed the Scripture stories that they do not need moral stories to tack on to the end of them to make them more effective. In the next issue of the INSTRUCTOR we will give a sample of the work done in one of these departments during recitation period, and know that the same will be appreciated by the teachers.

### Kindergarten Work for October.

[Material for these lessons furnished by Sister Marion A. Belnap.]

NOTE—This work has been planned for the teacher and must be simplified and adapted before it can be given to the children. If the stake workers could find it convenient, it would be well to simplify some of these lessons and stories at the regular union meeting and also give suggestions to the local workers as to how the others could be simplified.

Nature Work. Man, animals, and nature ready for winter. The trees and shrubs are all bare. They have gladly given their foliage to strengthen the soil for next year, and to help keep the seeds, and bulbs warm. Their

debt of gratitude is paid and they are resting.

Some of the animals have gone underground, some have changed their color, and most all have obtained their heavy winter coats. How busy some of them have been all summer and autumn storing away food for winter use! The baby squirrels are all to be well provided for. Some one cared for the mother and father squirrel and now they run busily from tree to tree and bough to bough, gathering nuts to pay their debt of gratitude to their Maker by providing for their little ones.

The hay and the grains are all harvested; the fruit well preserved or dried, and the cellar well filled with vegetables. Besides this the farmer has received dollars and cents in return for the products he has sold. Contentment for the mind and rest for the body are now to be his. What a splendid time for a day of Thanksgiving to God, from whom all these blessings come. And is thanks by words alone sufficient? "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for our brethren. But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." (I. John iii: 16, 17, 18.)

Song for the Month. "The Happy Thank You Day," music by Joseph Ballantyne."

NOVEMBER—FIRST SUNDAY.

SUGGESTIONS.

Review the month's work by letting the children tell you how the Saints were driven from their homes, why they crossed the plains, what they endured, and in whom they trusted for guidance.

Illustration—Conrad and the Stork.

## THANKSGIVING SONG.

*Moderato*

Music by Joseph Ballantyne.

1. The hap - py Thank - you day has come, And har - vest  
2. Good bye to au - tumn, au - tumn dear, And with our

time has past . . . We've gath - ered nuts, and fruits, and  
part - ing words . . . We'll sing our thanks to God a -

flow'rs, We'll say good - bye at last. . . . Good bye, good  
bove, For fruits, and trees, and birds. . . . Good bye, good

bye; good bye, good bye, We'll say good bye at last.  
bye, good bye, good bye, We'll say good hye at last.

## CONRAD AND THE STORK.

In a village in Norway there is a figure of a stork carved on the church and over many of the houses. This is the beautiful story they tell: In that village once there lived a little lad named Conrad and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came near the house and built its nest near by. Little Conrad and his mother were

very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it so that it got to know them, and would come whenever Conrad whistled to feed out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed as glad to see them as they were to welcome it. Spring and summer chased each other till Conrad had grown to be a young man. Then he said he would go to sea and make money enough to come back and keep

his mother in her old age. So he went to be a sailor and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks, but one day when they were near the coast of Africa a number of cruel pirates swarmed around their boats and climbed up the ship's sides. They took possession of the ship and put the sailors in chains, and afterwards sold them as slaves.

Weeks went by. The widow began to be afraid about her boy, it was so long since they had heard of him. Ships had come and gone, and brought no tidings of him. At last they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned him as drowned, and all the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. As for her, the only thing that seemed to interest her at all was the stork as it came each year. For Conrad's sake she welcomed it and fed it until the autumn came, and it flew away to the sunny South.

Now it happened that one day as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in some lonely place, a stork came flying close to him, wheeling about him in great delight. In a moment the scene flashed upon him of his home and his mother, and their yearly visitor. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call the bird long ago. To his delight the stork came close to him, as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that so dear an old friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his wretched meal for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand. But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the North.

Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was the nest there still that he remembered so well? Was there any to welcome it now, and any to feed it? Then it occurred to him: "Why, this bird may help me to get away from this vile place. He managed to write on a scrap of paper a line or two, telling where he was, and that he was a slave,

and then tied it firmly around the bird's leg.

The spring came again, and with it the stork. The old widow's eyes lit upon it as it came, reminding her of her lost boy, and tenderly she welcomed it and fed it. As it took the food from her hand she caught sight of this strange letter tied at its leg. Curiously removing it, think of her joy when she found that it was from her son! Forth with the tidings she ran to the minister of the little parish to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. They must send and redeem Conrad, was what everybody said. The next Sunday morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the widow's son. Then one was sent to the king to lay the case before him, and to get a ship of war from him that the pirates dare not touch.

It took a long time in those days to send to Africa, and there to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown, the bells of the village church had rung, and all the people rejoiced with great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safely at home again at his mother's cottage.

Such is the story they tell of the stork in that Norwegian village.—*British Workman*.

#### NOVEMBER—SECOND SUNDAY.

Subject—A Home in the Mountains.

Text—One Hundred Years of Mormonism, pp. 450-460; A Brief History of the Church (E. H. Anderson), pp. 113-118.

Aim—Thanksgiving and gratitude should be shown in deeds as well as words.

#### SUGGESTIONS.

While traveling across the plains the Saints endured much, but now they had reached their new home, where they might worship as they chose. True, the land was dry and barren,



and some felt that they wanted to find a better place, but the majority were satisfied, so they immediately began plowing the ground.

The twenty-fifth of July came on Sunday, so the Pioneers rested and held meetings. What joy and thanksgiving must have filled their hearts! I believe all the sermons preached must have been sermons of gratitude. Not only in words did they thank their heavenly Father, but in deeds did they thank Him. On the following Wednesday Brigham Young selected a spot on which the temple should stand, and the first building of any kind erected in the valley was a bowery built on the Temple square, in which the Saints could hold their meetings. Another thing they did to show thanksgiving to God for this beautiful country of ours, was to unfurl the Stars and Stripes on Ensign Peak. They wished to honor the laws of the country, for they knew that God had had His hand in their making. Then they built houses and planted crops, not only for themselves, but for the Saints who would come later.

Application—We can give of what we have to the poor. On Thanksgiving Sunday we can bring some fruit, some potatoes, or some groceries and give them to our teacher, who in turn will give them to the Bishop to distribute to the poor in the ward.

Illustration—"Androclus and the Lion."

#### ANDROCLUS AND THE LION.

Once there lived in the city of Rome a man whose name was Androclus. He was tall and strong, but he was a slave, and had to work day and night for his master, and had nothing he could call his own.

One day his master beat him. "Why should I live in this way?" thought Androclus. "It would be better to die." That night he ran away and hid himself in the woods, and lived on berries and roots for many days.

But at last he could find nothing to

eat. He went into a little cave and lay down on the ground. For three days he had nothing to eat, and he thought he would die. As he was lying in the cave, he heard a noise at the door; and looking up he saw a lion coming in. "The beast will kill me," he thought; and he lay very still.

But the lion was in trouble. It held up one of its paws and roared. Then it looked at Androclus as if to say, "I want help." Androclus got up and looked at its paw. The big beast did not try to hurt him. He saw that there was a long, sharp thorn in its paw; it must have stepped on the thorn while coming through the woods. The lion seemed to know that it had found a friend, so it held up its paw and sat quite still while the man looked at it.

Then with great care Androclus pulled the thorn out and washed the wounded paw in cold water, and bound it up with a piece of cloth which he tore from his coat. The lion licked his hand and seemed to be very glad. It ran about like a playful dog. Then it went out of the cave, and soon came back with part of a deer which it had killed.

Androclus gathered some leaves and sticks, and built a fire. Soon he had a better dinner than he had eaten for many a day. While he was eating, the lion sat close by and looked at him as if it was much pleased.

When night came, the lion lay down in a corner of the cave to sleep, and Androclus lay down by its side.

And so they two lived together in the cave in the woods for a long time. Every day the lion brought food to Androclus.

One day the lion did not come home from hunting, and that night Androclus was alone in the cave. The next morning he went out to look for his friend. He had not gone far when he heard a noise among the leaves behind him. He looked around and saw some soldiers close upon him. The soldiers knew him.

"Ah, Androclus," they said. "we

have been looking for you for a long time. Your master wants you, and you must come with us."

What could Androclus do? There were ten of the soldiers, and he had no one to help him. Where now was his good friend, the lion?

The soldiers took him back with them to the city, and his master had him put in prison. "We shall see if you will run away from us again," said the master. Androclus felt now there was no more hope.

Some time after that there was to be a great holiday in Rome. There were to be all kinds of games in the afternoon—foot races, chariot races, and at last, there was to be a fight between a man and a fierce lion. But who was to fight the lion? There were many men in prison. Which one of them should be taken?

"There is my slave," said the master of Androclus. "He's of no use to me. He runs away and will not work. Let him fight the lion."

"He's the very man," said the others. And so Androclus was taken out of prison to fight the lion.

He was led out and left alone in the open space called the arena. There was no way for him to get out. He had only his hands to fight with, and there was no one to help him. On high seats all around the arena were the fine people of Rome, who had come to see the games of the day. At one side of the arena were the cages full of wild beasts.

The door of one of these cages opened, and a lion jumped out. It saw Androclus and ran toward him. All the people thought it would make quick work of the slave. But when it came closer to him, it stopped. Then it ran to him as if it were glad to see him. It lay on the ground before him and licked his hands and face. Androclus took the lion's paw in his hands; then he put his arms around its neck. He had found his old friend that had lived with him in the cave.

The people who were looking on did

not know what to think. They all stood up in wonder. Then they called out to the slave and asked him how it was that he and the lion were friends, and Androclus told them all about it. Then the people were very, very pleased. "Let them both live," they cried. "Let them both go free!" So while everybody shouted and was glad, Androclus led his old friend, the lion, out of the arena. He had no master now; he was a free man.

#### NOVEMBER—THIRD SUNDAY.

Subject—The First Thanksgiving in Utah.

Text—Making of a State (O. F. Whitney), p. 29; History of Utah, p. 380.

Aim—Thanksgiving and gratitude should be shown in deeds as well as words.

#### SUGGESTIONS.

The first Harvest Home was held in Utah August 10th, 1848. Although the Saints realized that food would be scarce before the winter was over, they decided to have a public feast before the worst came. A fort had been built for the protection of the people. In the center of this fort a bowery was made. (Explain bowery to the children.) Underneath the bowery, tables were spread with bread, butter, cheese, beef, green corn, watermelons, vegetables of many kinds, cakes and pastry. "Large sheaves of wheat, rye, barley, oats, and other products were hoisted on poles for exhibition; and there was prayer and thanksgiving, congratulations, songs, speeches, music, dancing, smiling faces and merry hearts."

Those who had the most divided with those who had less. The Saints were as one large family. Surely thanksgiving was shown in kind deeds to their brethren and sisters, not only on this day, but on all occasions! One brother who had earned ten dollars for shoeing the horses of gold seekers as

they passed through,' came and gave five to Sister Jane S. Richards. His family was in need of the ten dollars, but he knew that Brother F. D. Richards was on a mission, so he gladly offered half of what he had.

Illustration—"How Patty Gave Thanks."

MEMORY GEM.

*It takes one little girl or boy  
Two hands to work and play,  
And just one loving little heart  
To make Thanksgiving Day.*

HOW PATTY GAVE THANKS.

It was so snug and warm in Farmer Gray's big barn, one cold November night, for Mr. Gray himself had just shut all the doors as if it were winter weather. No sooner had the sound of his footsteps died away than a cow raised her head and gave a faint bel-  
low.

"News," said she, "News. Something beautiful happened to me today. It was just before I was turned out into the field this morning. Little Patty came running up to me and began to stroke my forehead. 'You good old cow,' said she, 'I had some milk to drink for breakfast and know who gave it to me, and I have come to say "thank you." Mother told me this morning that this was "Thank you day;"' and then the dear child put a delicious apple into my mouth and laughed to hear me crunch it. I am so glad that my milk is good and rich. And she thanked me for butter and cream and her papa's cheese too—the grateful child!"

"You are right, Neighbor Cow, a grateful child she is," said the farm horse. "I was in the stall just before they harnessed me to take the family to Church, and little Patty came to see me, too; and she thanked me for all the rides she had had on my back and in the haycart, and for dragging the plough and for bringing the flour from the mill. Then, bless her heart, she

reached up and gave me a big mouthful of sweet smelling hay. I tell you, I'll trot my prettiest the next time I have her in the carriage." Bob gave a pleased whimmy as he said this, and as if in response, a noise came from the sheep barn. The sheep barn was a smaller barn which joined the larger barn, and at the doorway between stood a mild-faced sheep, who began to talk in her own way.

"So little Patty went to you, too, did she? I can tell you I was surprised when she brought me and the rest of the flock an extra dish of salt this morning. 'This is to say thank you, good sheep,' said she. 'We talked about you in kindergarten this morning, and I know that my new mittens are made out of your wool, and my flannel petticoat, and my winter coat and dress, and Jackie's clothes, and the blankets—and oh, so many things. How funny you would look with them all on your back!' Then she felt of my wool and patted me with her gentle little hand. I do hope that my fleece will be a good heavy one this year, and how I wish that the wool might be used for little Patty."

"Well, well!" said the cow, "the child did make it a real 'thank you' day, I am sure; for besides thanking me and you, Bob and you, Mrs. Fleecy, I heard the hens saying today that she had been showering corn down by the double handful and saying 'thank you' for the eggs they had given her. She told them that she liked the eggs for breakfast, and that her mamma made cake with them, too. I wonder what put it into her head to come and thank us all."

"It was her dear little heart that put it into her head," said Bob, wisely; "and I think I know the reason why she came today, for as I was trotting along the road to and from church I heard the family talking a good deal about today being Thanksgiving Day. And when Patty's grandpapa asked her if she knew why Thanksgiving Day was kept, she said: 'Oh, yes! it is the day to say 'thank you' for every-



thing, and also to do some good deed to show your thanks, and that is why I hurried out to the barn this morning.'

"'And to whom did you say "thank you" out there?" asked her grandpapa.

"'Why, to all of them,' answered Patty; 'to Rob, and Moolly cow and the sheep and the hens.'

"'Very good,' said Grandpa, 'very good, indeed, little Thankful-heart. I am glad you thought of the kind, useful creatures from whom we get so many things for our pleasure and comfort.'

As Bob repeated what Patty's grandpapa had said, sober Mrs. Fleecy gave a caper of delight, and Moolly cow heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction. Kind, grateful words and deeds are pleasant to any of us.

It was now bedtime and the animals began to settle themselves for their night's rest. Mrs. Fleecy went back to her companions in the sheep barn; Moolly cow sank down restfully in her stall; and Bob, after stamping and tramping a few times, bent his long legs under him and lay down upon his fresh straw bedding. But before they went to sleep they spoke again of how happy dear little Patty had made them with her thanks and her gifts.—Adapted from *In the Child's World*, by Emilie Poulsson.

#### NOVEMBER—FOURTH SUNDAY.

Subject—The Crickets and Gulls.

Text—History of Utah (Whitney),

Vol. I, pp. 377-379. The Making of a State (O. F. Whitney), p. 26.

Aim—Thanksgiving and gratitude should be shown in deeds as well as words.

#### SUGGESTIONS.

The next spring after the arrival in Utah, the people placed thousands of acres of land under cultivation. Just as the wheat crop was coming up in the latter part of May or the early part of June, a most terrible event took place. What was it? The cricket, when full grown, is about one and one-half inches in length, heavy and clumsy in its movements, and black in color.

The people at this time were just looking forward to the time when they should have plenty to eat. Think what the destruction of their crops meant to them! Trenches were dug, fires were made, the children and grown people alike, tried to drown or burn the crickets, but still they prevailed. The sea gulls came to the rescue, thus saving part of the grain. How grateful the people were! They wished to express their thanksgiving in deeds also, so what law concerning the gull has been passed in the state of Utah? What monument is about to be erected?

Application—What deeds can we do to show gratitude?

Illustration—(Teachers may select a Thanksgiving story to illustrate the aim.)

### Baby's Work.

By L. L. Greene Richards.

Of rheumatics you complain,  
Chronic cough, or sudden pain;  
If you would be well and sound,  
And thus glad the whole year round,  
Watch the healthful baby's plays,  
And adopt his happy ways.

See him creeping on the floor,  
Rolling, tumbling o'er and o'er;  
Shaking hands above his head,  
Clapping till his fists are red;  
Stretching out his hands and feet,  
Kicking like a drummer's beat.

Laughing with spontaneous glee  
Though at what you do not see;  
Screaming with delightful gush,  
That his lungs may feel the rush  
Of the quickened blood that flows  
Up to crown and down to toes.

Try such games for minutes five,  
And you seem to be alive;  
When ten minutes you can give,  
You begin to truly live;  
And will find that baby's play  
Is a work that brings good pay.





## The Little Chipmunk.

(*Eutamias Quadrivittatus.*)

By Claude T. Barnes, M. S. P. R.; M. A. O. U.; M. B. S. U.

Vivacious, sportive, curious, the fidgety little chipmunk is one of the most interesting bits of animal life in the woods; in fact, his darting long tail and inquisitive, peering head give delightful moments to every stroll over the oak-studded hillside. A log heap, a stone pile, broken rocky ridge, ramshackle outbuildings, sunny places near woodlands—any of these may be frequented by the frisky little fellow; but he never appears in the dense forest, the murky swamp or open plain.

Probably the most striking characteristics of the chipmunk, aside from its diminutive size, are its well developed cheek pouches and sharply defined stripes along the back. There are two species and over a dozen varieties in North America; but the Utah specimen is known as the "long-tailed" or "little" chipmunk with the scientific designation given above. The scientific name (*quadrivittatus*) is unfortunate for it would indicate that the little busybody has only four stripes along its back, whereas there are always five, black and distinct in color. The tiny creature is but eight inches long, half of which is tail.

Nothing is more curious about the chipmunk than its Indian names; for instance the Chipewyan tribe call it, "Thal-coo'-zay" and the Cree Indians, "Ches-se-cow-e-pis-kus." Among the French Canadians it is known as "le petit Suisse."

One day late in August, I was strolling up Thomas' canyon, near City Creek, Salt Lake City, in search of rare ornithological specimens, when suddenly from the top of a thickly-leaved oak bush, a few yards ahead, I heard a series of quickly-repeated, sharp, clear "*chip per-r-r-rs*" much like the song of the White Crowned Sparrow (*Zonotrichia leucophrys*) but louder and stronger. I noted the song of the puzzling creature, which I could not see for leaves, counting over a hundred chirps to the minute; but when I took it, it was a chipmunk! Most naturalists say that the little chipmunk seldom climbs a tree, and then only for refuge, but this wee fellow was perched singing for all the world like a lively member of the finch family.

Being non-migratory, a chipmunk usually spends its whole life within a

two-acre clump of trees and in some cases in a thicket not over ten yards across.

The manner in which the den is built in the favorite retreat shows well the subtle cunning of the little intriguer. It digs its hole like a squirrel, piling the dirt in a conspicuous heap at the entrance; but when the work is finished, another entrance, so small and so protected by leaves, grass and twigs as to be scarcely noticeable, is made, the first hole is plugged a few inches in and thus every enemy is deceived. If the real entrance is discovered, however, by man, and filled time and time again, the strenuous occupant clears it out, holding the den with admirable pertinacity year after year.

The curiosity of the chipmunk is recklessly insatiable; he will risk his pelt to glimpse at you as you wander by. Pursue him and lo! with a shrill, bird-like whistle he is gone only to pop up again, tantalizingly, the moment his tail disappears.

Always bustling about with his tail straight up in the air, the chipmunk is the embodiment of perpetual motion and animated spirits.

Several chipmunks, probably the family of the year, may occupy the same burrow when frost glistens on every twig out doors; and always the food store is common property. In late September the family curl up for the long sleep; but that the torpor is not complete is evident from the fact that if dug up they bite and whisk about furiously.

With the first bright days of April, the buoyant little munks appear and at once the mating season begins. A nest of feathers and soft vegetable fibre is built at the end of the tunnel, a yard long, and towards the end of May, four or five blind, helpless, naked "almost shapeless little pink pillules of vitality" are born to be cared for by the mother alone. A second litter may be raised, for the first are full-grown by August.

When leaves begin to tint with Autumn color, the restless little animals

work with a double vim, filling the family den with all sorts of food such as skunk grass seeds and nuts. Each chipmunk carries several tablespoonfuls of seed in his elastic pouches at a trip; and soon a generous supply is stored.

In Summer, however, the food of the chipmunk is most varied, seeds, berries, snails, mice, nuts, insects, flesh, birds' eggs and various other tid bits entering into the fare. He will not touch tree buds but will nibble readily at a dead snake. Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, tells how one attacked the fledglings of a sandpiper, being repeatedly repelled by the brave mother bird. Brewster one time broke the wing of a woodthrush and was astonished to see a chipmunk snatch the fluttering bird and eat its brain before he could get to it. He had to kick the persistent little munk to get it away; and, even when he held the bird in his hand, the chipmunk jumped up after it. Audubon, likewise says chipmunks eat robins; and it is well known that they will devour each other when caged.

Carrion, flesh, insects, or anything liable to putrify, are never carried to the Winter storehouse.

With the vivacity and song of a bird, the disposition of a squirrel and even a rat, the chipmunk is a pretty paradox. So small as to be harmless, he yet evinces little fear of man and, on the contrary, seems to delight in decoying him on to the chase. His whistle is so clear that Indian lads call dozens forth at a time in early Spring by imitating it. Seton has recorded as high as 170 chirps per minute from a single chipmunk! He is intelligent, too, for if exceptionally active in storage matters, a storm is always imminent.

Among the chipmunk's enemies may be counted cats, foxes, weasels, hawks, and snakes, but the smaller weasels are feared most, for the munk's only chance to escape is to fly to his hole and bury himself in a newly-made pocket.

## Autumn Flower Planting.

What to plant or transplant and what not to plant or transplant in the autumn are questions which yearly confront the amateur flower lover. Some plants have strong preferences for spring planting while others, such as spring-flowering bulbs show a preference for autumn planting. It is as impossible to give an exact date for the planting out of tender plants in the spring as it is to fix a time for removing winter underwear. And so in the autumn one must be governed by the climatic conditions.

Autumn-planted stock is in danger from unexpected warmth during the winter when demands are made on root strength which isn't there; also from "heaving"—that is, when a plant is dislodged on account of alternate freezing and thawing. Mulching, which is always essential to Fall planting, will prevent "heaving."

### TO KEEP IN MIND.

The whole idea in transplanting is that plants be shifted during their resting period—when they are "dormant," as it is called. It follows naturally that plants which bloom very early in the spring prefer being moved in the autumn, since the spring is their busy season, while, for a like reason, autumn-blooming plants are usually best shifted in the spring. It is also generally true that the earlier plants bloom in the spring, the earlier they may be moved in the autumn. Among spring-flowering bulbs, for instance, although crocuses may be planted late, the preferred order of planting is crocus, narcissus, tulip. Crocuses may be planted in early September, tulips as late as November, or even in a January thaw, for the reason that the crocus likes to make root-growth in the autumn, having scant time in the spring for such work, while tulips, since they appear much later, can wait for this. Peonies, although they may be moved in early

spring, like to make a root-growth in the autumn and should be given an opportunity to do so. Mulching should be done after the ground has frozen. A heavy mulch of stable manure applied too early and removed too late will start plants in the hardy borders into an unwise activity.

### MAY BE PLANTED IN THE AUTUMN.

Spring-flowering bulbs—In the autumn or not at all.

Lilies—Plant these in October, except the American Turk's Cap, Canadian bellflower and the Madonna lily, which are planted in August.

Early-flowering Herbaceous Plants, such as Oriental poppies, peonies, foxglove, bleeding heart, should be set out as soon as possible.

Hardy Perennials should be planted from September 15 to October 15 (approximately).

Iris should be planted now if they are to bloom next summer. If you want a succession of bloom from mid-March until August, try *Iris reticulata*, *Iris verna*, the Florentine, Spanish, white Siberian and German irises, *Iris Neglecta* and the Japanese iris. These bloom in the order named. Give them rich soil and plenty of water; roots should be set in clumps four inches deep. Thrive in sun or half-shade.

### BEAUTIES OF A SPRING GARDEN.

If ever is given a prodigal return in beauty for a small expenditure of time and labor and money, it is by the blessed race of spring-flowering bulbs. For city folk and suburbanites, for folk on Northern farms, where the long, hard winter seems as if it would never end, the blossoms of the early spring which seem to come of their own accord are a peculiar delight.

### SOME FAVORITE BULBS.

Catalogues show a bewildering range of varieties. It is cheerful for



the gardener with a modest pocket-book to remember that the inexpensive old sorts are often not only the safest, but, moreover, the best. The low price itself is due to their being extremely easy to grow. The fact that a flower is "common" does not make it the less lovely—the sky and the sunshine and the green grass are common also. One may have a wealth of poets' narcissuses in May—and once in the garden they "live happily forever after"—for the price of a few expensive hyacinths, which are by no means so hardy nor so easily grown and "run out" in a few years. The common daffodils (both double and single) are very lovely, and if given half-shade are a yearly delight.

The common snowdrop (*Galanthus nivalis*) is much more delicate than the named varieties and spreads happily with no care at all, while the more expensive sorts are uncertain and difficult. Crocuses may be had at three or four dollars a thousand, if one gets single colors, and it is unnecessary to buy named sorts. Among the best all-around tulips are the Duc Van Thol varieties for early ones and the Darwin for late.

#### WHERE TO PLANT BULBS.

Aside from the show-beds, which are not so easy to manage and unless just right are disappointing, there are many delightful uses for bulbs. Plant crocuses at the foot of shrubs or in colonies in the grass. Take up a piece of sod and set the bulbs in irregular patches, then replace the sod. They should be three inches deep and about four inches apart.

Instead of trying to make grass grow under a tree and sun-loving shrubs eke out an unhappy existence in the shade, plant the pips of lilies-of-the-valley and they will carpet the ground in a surprisingly short time. On the north side of the house, where the grass does not grow well, plant snowdrops in it just as you planted crocuses. All the care needed is to re-

frain from the use of the lawn-mower until the leaves have wilted. In a hardy border set your daffodils the poets' narcissuses, putting the bulbs of the latter six to seven inches deep and only three inches apart, to make strong clumps, and you will have plenty to cut and bring into the house. (Cut when half-opened and you will not exhaust the bulb.) If you plant also the *Poeticus ornatus*, which blooms earlier, you will have flowers all of May. Poets' narcissus is also good as an edging to a bed, and after it is done flowering annuals may be sown.

#### HOW TO PLANT.

For planting in the garden four times the depth of the bulb is a good rule, and about as many inches apart as the bulb is deep. Most bulbs hate direct contact with manure; therefore, it is safer to put in a handful of sand when planting and set each bulb on this.

#### HOW TO DIVIDE PLANTS.

This is the time of year when one's borders are enlarged by dividing phlox and larkspurs, and generosity is likely to flourish in the garden. The most delightful of exchanges may take place, and, like the quality of mercy, there is no strain about this form of generosity: it blesses both her that gives and her that takes. One gardener in separating her phlox finds more roots than she needs, therefore some of the phlox goes over the fence to a neighbor's garden in exchange for others. Plants brought into the garden in this way are much more welcome than those which are merely bought.

This dividing of plants, is for a beginning gardener, no small ordeal. One has somewhat the feeling of Abraham offering up Isaac when, standing before a thrifty, prosperous plant, one contemplates digging it up, beheading its stems, chopping its roots into pieces and planting these melancholy frag-



ments in a new and untried place in hope of a distant good. Yet to some plants it is essential to their health and as harmless a practice as cutting back a house-plant.

One of the plants which not only may be divided, but indeed must be divided if it is to retain its perfect health and vigor, is perennial phlox; this should be divided every three years. It is done in a very summary manner: Dig up a clump with a sharp spade. If you cannot disentangle the roots readily cut the clump into pieces about as large as a man's hand: Each section should have plenty of root,

and five or six stalks. Cut off the stalks and leaves and plant each section separately in the garden-beds. Put a little manure in the bottom of the hole, then a little soil, then the plant: fill in with soil carefully, press firmly, water well, and the thing is done. An old hand will accomplish the whole work with a spade in a very short time. Phlox may be divided quite as well in October, but September is better, because there will then be a few blossoms left as color-labels, and one can weed out the magenta—that pariah among colors—and cast it without the gates.

## "If it wasn't for Tillie."

*By Annie Malin.*

Jed Brown set his tin pail on the ground and put the largest berry in his mouth meditatively. There was a thoughtful look upon his freckled face as he swallowed the delicious morsel, and then he calmly helped himself to another.

"If it wasn't for Tillie," he said to a fat toad which hopped into view at that instant, "I'd not pick another one this morning."

The toad stopped and looked at the boy for a moment and then, with a solemn blink, hopped away.

Jed picked up a stone and with steady aim sent it in the direction of the toad, but as soon as the missile left his hand he watched it anxiously until he saw it strike the ground without touching its intended victim.

"There," the boy said, ruefully, "I just knew I'd forget. Tillie says it is wrong to hurt any dumb creature, and if there's anything dumber than a toad I've never seen it."

After a short pause the boy resumed his task, picking rapidly and in silence. The next time he spoke his remark was addressed to a father robin which had alighted on a branch of the old cherry tree near by and which now

sat looking at the boy as if wondering if he could trust himself nearer.

"Tillie," said Jed, "has got more sense than the whole family put together."

"Chirp, chirp," answered father robin, and then he flew to the ground, after which he selected a nice fat worm for the breakfast of young master robin and flew away to the nest where his family awaited him impatiently.

Jed watched the bird wistfully.

"If I had a good pair of wings," he said, "I'd fly clear to the city of New York,—no more chores on a farm for me."

Then his face softened again as he said: "If it wasn't for Tillie."

"But what's the use of talking?" he went on, "here I am and all I can do is to work and do the best I can until I'm a man; but when I am," he finished, resolutely, "well I just bet I'll be one."

Anyone looking in the determined little face would have known he meant every word.

"That toad tends to his business and cleans up the insects in the strawberry patch, and the robin looks out for his

family, which is his business, and I'll look out for Tillie first, for that's my business, I reckon, and after that—" and the boy drew himself up—"I'll look out for myself, that is if dad never comes back."

At the last words the boy's chin quivered, and he hastily drew one dirty hand across his eyes, and began to whistle, for Jed had a boy's hatred of tears.

"Good morning, young man," said a cheerful voice, and Jed looked up to find a well-dressed stranger leaning over the fence.

Jed could easily see that he was a city man, and also that he was a sportsman, for he carried a rod and basket, and the boy rose from his task to look him over critically.

"Can you tell me the best place for a day's sport?" he asked pleasantly, as the boy approached the fence.

"Yes, sir," he answered, unhesitatingly, "I reckon I know every hole in the stream, and if it wasn't for the berries I'd soon take you there."

"Can't you shirk for once?" asked the man, looking at his new acquaintance keenly.

"No, sir, I can't," said Jed firmly. "I don't shirk for any one, and I promised to have the berries up to Mrs. Ball's boarding house by seven o'clock. I'll have to hurry, too," and Jed took a lingering look at the beautiful new rod as he turned away.

"Do you fish often?" questioned the stranger.

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "When it ain't berries its fish and when it ain't fish its berries."

"And it ain't fish this morning," said the man, smiling.

"No," said Jed regretfully, "it's berries."

"Well, I'll make a bargain with you," the stranger said. "I'll help you finish the berries and give you a dollar besides if you will spend the rest of the morning with me fishing."

Jed smiled broadly, for he was a born fisherman, as the stranger could see, then as he looked at the tall fig-

ure he said warningly, "It'll make your back ache, sir."

The man laughed. "So you think I can't do my share," he said, and with the words, he leaped over the fence in a manner which made Jed's eyes open, and removing his coat was soon picking in a way to make him fear for his own reputation.

So he went to work with a will, and in listening to his new friend's conversation he was surprised to find the time pass so rapidly away that they had soon reached the end of the long rows.

"What next?" asked the man, and Jed explained that he had to leave them at the boarding house after they had been measured.

"I won't be long at the house," he said, and I can leave them at Mrs. Ball's as we go."

"That's a great boy," mused Dr. Gordon, as he watched him go quickly down the lane, "and honest, too, I'll be bound, as well as ambitious. I feel quite interested in him."

In a few minutes he was rejoined by his young guide, who said, "I was most afraid I'd have to stay home to do an errand, and if it hadn't been for Tillie, I couldn't have come yet. She offered to do it for me after her own work was done."

"Good for Tillie!" said Dr. Gordon, energetically.

Making their way rapidly to the stream they were soon busy, the doctor with his fine new rod and Jed with the long willow cut from a clump growing beside the stream, with which rod he proved himself an expert.

By the time the sun began to grow warm the doctor called a halt and insisted upon Jed sharing the lunch with which he had prepared himself, and as they sat there in the pleasant shade, he succeeded in drawing the boy out until he knew about as much of his history as he himself knew, which was very little.

"Then you are not satisfied to remain here, Jed?" he asked.

"No, sir," was the quick reply, "I

want to go where I can learn something; I want to learn to be a doctor."

"Indeed," asked Dr. Gordon, interestedly, "and why?"

"Why, because," responded Jed, "my father was a doctor. I know that he was, for I have a book which my mother used to read, and written in the front is, 'Dr. J. V. Brown,' and besides," he went on, "she used to speak of him to Mrs. Jackson as 'the doctor.'"

"You see, I was only a baby when she brought me to Mrs. Jackson's, and father was to come after a while, and he never came, and after a few months mother died. She wasn't very strong, and then Mrs. Jackson waited for him to come for me, and at last we gave him up and she kept me until she died, and then Mrs. Allen took me to work for her, and here I am."

Dr. Gordon was all attention now, watching every expression of the boy's face as he talked, and when he paused he asked: "How old are you, now, Jed?"

"Most thirteen, sir," was the reply, and the doctor's face, if Jed had been watching it, at that moment, showed still stronger interest.

There was a short silence, each busy with his own thoughts, then the man asked, "Why don't you leave the farm, my boy?"

"I would have left long ago if it wasn't for Tillie," he said, slowly.

Dr. Gordon handed Jed the promised dollar, as he expressed himself satisfied with his morning's sport. "We must try it again," he said, as the boy took the money.

Jed took the money in his hand, then said gravely:

"Well, Mister, you have been real nice to me, and I wouldn't take the money, if it wasn't for Tillie."

As Dr. Gordon leaned forward to pick up his basket of fish, he said: "Well, Jed, you have repeated those words eleven times or more this morning; now tell me who in the world is Tillie, and what has she to do with your taking the money?"

"Tillie!" ejaculated the boy, "why, she's just Tillie."

The doctor laughed at the reply, and then Jed said, earnestly:

"When you see the girl that's been as good as a mother to me, mending my overalls and shirts and things, cutting my hair and saving me an extra piece of pie or cake, sitting up when my tooth aches, bathing my head when it aches, telling stories in the evening, teaching me to read and write and talk, on long winter evenings, and talking to me of my mother when neither of us even remember her—well, sir, that's Tillie."

Dr. Gordon whistled as the boy stopped to breathe.

"I don't wonder you think a whole lot of Tillie," he said, if she's all that."

"She's more than all that," said the boy.

"But about the dollar, my boy," asked the man, what has that to do with Tillie?"

"Well," said the boy, hesitatingly, "that's my secret, but," the clear eyes were searching the man's face, "I like you, Mister, and I want to know something."

"Well, Jed, what can I do for you?" asked Dr. Gordon, as the boy paused.

"Well, it's like this, sir: 'Tillie is pretty as a picture, and good as an angel, but she's cross-eyed, and sometimes I know she cries about it and once some rough boys made fun of her, and I wasn't big enough to thrash them, but I just made up my mind that I'd save every cent I could earn, and sometime I'd just say to her, 'Tillie, you've done an awful lot for me, and now I can do something to pay you for it,' and then, you see, she'd know that I really do 'preciate what she's done. Now, can you tell me, if it costs very much up there in New York to straighten eyes? I've got thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents hid away besides this," and he looked at the shining piece in his hand, "and I want to do it right. Do you know the best doctor up there?"

"Jed," said Dr. Gordon, "you are a

mighty good friend to have, and I want you for my friend—here's my hand on it," and the two gravely shook hands.

Then the man took a card from his pocket and the boy read wonderingly:

"Dr. A. C. Gordon, Eye Specialist."

"Gee," he exclaimed, in a voice quivering with excitement, "are you a real doctor?"

"I believe so," was the amused reply, "but maybe not the very best, but I want to go home with you to make the acquaintance of Tillie."

Dr. Gordon found that young lady in Mrs. Allen's kitchen. She was a tall, slender girl of eighteen or twenty, with a sweet, refined face and gentle manner, and Jed's love for her was not to be wondered at when she smiled. Her eyes were beautifully blue and bright, but dreadfully crossed.

"Oh, Tillie!" cried Jed, as soon as he could speak, "this is Dr. Gordon, and he's going to fix your eyes for you," and the boy fairly danced with excitement, "and I'm going to pay for it," he went on, "I've been saving the money."

"Why, Jed," said Tillie, "you dear boy. I've been saving up to have it done myself. I couldn't take your money, dear."

Just then Mrs. Allen called Jed sharply and while he was absent from the room, Dr. Gordon said, simply:

"Let him pay for the operation, please, Miss Tillie; his heart is set on it, and it would be too bad to deprive him of such a great happiness."

So when the operation was performed and found to be successful, the bill for fourteen dollars and seventy-five cents was handed to Jed, and after paying it with the hoarded earnings, he was given the receipt in full for services rendered.

Jed never forgot the look on Tillie's face as she kissed him, and Dr. Gordon privately envied the boy, as he watched them, and though as the doctor had suspected, when Jed told him his story by the stream that morning, when they were fishing, the boy proved to be related to him, and afterwards went to the city to live with him and learn the profession, Jed never experienced more joy than when he looked in Tillie's eyes, so beautiful and straight, and then at the precious receipt.

And Tillie?—well, they do say that she also will soon go to the city to live, but then that is supposed to be a secret. Be that as it may, there is great excitement in the beautiful home where Jed lives, and many are the consultations held between him and his beloved friend, Dr. Gordon, and if you were listening, you would often hear a name mentioned which sounds like Tillie.

## The Things We're Going to Do.

By *Grace Ingles Frost.*

The things we're always going to do  
Yet ever leave undone,  
Ah, what becomes of them? Pray tell,  
As thither life sands run.

The loving word we thought to speak  
But never gave a voice;  
The word that might a soul have saved,  
And caused it to rejoice.

The kindly deed we oft designed,  
Yet let the chance slip by  
To share another's burden,  
To heed another's cry.

The things we're always going to do,  
Yet ever leave undone,  
The future life may hold for us;  
But each and every one

Through countless worlds be barren spots  
Where flowers bright should grow,  
These things we're always going to do,  
But never do, you know.



## Seed Thoughts for Boys.

### HIS WORD.

"The teacher asked Bob Warren only once," the new boy reflected, as he went home.

An offense had been committed at school, and the principal was making a searching inquiry. Some of the boys had been taken out for a lengthy interview, but they put only one question to Bob Warren: "Do you know anything about it?" "No," Bob had answered, and no more had been said.

And the new boy knew just why. He, too, would have believed anything Bob said. "That's a reputation worth having," he said to himself, very seriously.

A few days later the school was gathered for an evening jollification at the home of one of the class.

"Is that ten?" said Bob, as the clock struck. "I must go."

"Just one minute, Bob, till we finish this game," they begged.

"I promised to start home at ten," said Bob.

"But a minute won't make any difference."

"Not much," agreed Bob, laughingly, but he was reaching for his cap.

Then came a jeer that hurts the average boy so. "Before I'd be such a baby as to be tied down to going home at exactly ten! Did they send a nurse after you?"

Bob flushed, but he was a boy not easily ruffled. "I'll go and see," he said, and with a smiling "Good-night" he was gone.

Bob Warren valued his word too highly to sacrifice even a five-minute fraction of it. He valued it so much that the jeer that wounded his boyish dignity could not move him. And at this time, when he was fifteen, he had so long honored his word that it was a matter of instinctive habit with him. It would have taken a decided wrench for him to do any different.

And—though very likely he didn't

realize this—he was building up the most valuable capital with which to start out on his life's work. The habit of absolute truthfulness is worth more than a great fortune of money, than much knowledge, than influential friends.

And only one person can give you this great gift.—*The Boy's Companion*.

### WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure  
By kindly word and deed;  
As blossoms call for nature's light,  
So hearts love's sunshine need.

A boy can make the world more pure  
By lips kept ever clean;  
Silence can influence shed as sure  
As speech—oft more doth mean.

A boy can make the world more pure  
By an exalted aim;  
Let one a given end pursue,  
Others will seek the same.

### KNOWLEDGE PAYS.

"I was standing among a group of fellow-passengers at a country railway station some years ago," says United States Attorney-General Wickersham, "when I heard one of them remark to another:

"I don't go much on fellows that know so much. This studyin' books an' knowin' things gets tiresome after awhile an' makes a fool of you. I've been better off ever since I stopped tryin' to know so much."

"I gave the speaker a quick look, and, judging by his appearance, he didn't look as if prosperity traveled his way. But what he said made me think of a story. A certain important business man chartered a tug to take him to a certain point on the Pacific coast. The captain of the tug was a young-looking fellow, who followed the business man's instructions to make the best time possible, but, when he reached a bar which crossed the entrance to the port he was to make, he suddenly

stopped the tug and began to head her out to sea.

"What's this for?" roared the man who had chartered the tug.

"I don't cross that bar unless I hear the bell buoys which mark the danger spots; and, besides, my barometer is dropping as if it was on a toboggan slide."

"But, man, I've got to make that port tonight!"

"Well, you wont! Your life is worth more to me than your business."

"Protests, threats, were of no avail. The tug was put out to sea through a terrific storm which suddenly broke, and for two days it battled in the wide ocean for its existence. On the third day it was headed about for its original destination. As it again reached the bar, sweetly now over the calm waters floated the tones of bells, and the craft was brought comfortably over the danger spots. But as it made the port, it passed wreck after wreck of vessels that had gone down during the gale. The business man noticed these, and his wrath subsided. He even said to the captain that he was glad the tug was not with them, and then he said, rather abruptly:

"What saved us, anyway?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "except that I knew what I was doing and you didn't!"

"That is one of the best stories about self-knowledge I ever heard. The man who knows, is the master-man every time."

#### A WAY TO SEE LIFE CLEARLY.

Out of the experience of age come many things certain to be helpful to those just starting life.

Doctor D. K. Pearsons, a noted philanthropist, at his ninetieth year of age, and enjoying good health and a sound mind, gives the following rules as sure to lead to helpful life. He says:

"Young man, if you would live to be ninety years old, observe the following rules:

"Keep the ten commandments.

"Go to bed early and sleep eight hours.

"Don't worry.

"Eat moderately of wholesome food.

"Sleep with your window open.

"Avoid ill-temper and all extremes of emotion.

"Honesty, chastity, sobriety—these are the essentials of a successful career."

#### THE FIRST SAW.

"What a funny thing!" said little Tom, taking up his brother John's saw.

"It's only a saw, silly," said John.

"But who made it? Who found out the funny thing!" persisted Tom, as the saw worked backward and forward, separating the hard wood which no knife would cut.

"Oh, carpenters have it," said John, disdainfully, unable to answer Tom's question.

Still little Tom watched and wondered.

Then the big brother spoke. "I know, little lad; I'll tell you. Long ago a Greek sculptor, called Daedalus, divided a piece of wood with the toothed bone of a serpent, and it answered so well that he imitated the teeth in iron, and so made the first saw."

"Is that true?" asked Tom.

"Quite true, I believe," said the big brother.

"Very funny," said little Tom.—Selected.

My character today is, for the most part, simply the resultant of all the thoughts I have ever had, of all the feelings I have ever cherished, and of all the deeds I have ever performed. It is the entirety of my previous years packed and crystallized into the present moment.

Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are.—*Ruskin.*

## Seed Thoughts for Girls.

### THE KITCHEN GYMNASIUM.

Housework is as good as a gymnasium course to the girl who takes it the right way. But a good many girls take it the wrong way. They grow round-shouldered and one-sided, instead of developing symmetrically and finely. It is a pity that such an unusual chance to kill two birds with one stone should be so often unimproved.

Be careful about the position you assume when doing housework. For on that everything depends. Stand straight, with your abdomen drawn back and your chest out. Don't wash dishes or knead bread where you have to stoop. Set the pan or the bread-board at the right height.

Many a girl grows one-sided in doing housework because she keeps using one set of muscles. If you have floors to scrub, use first your right hand and then your left. If you allow one-half your body to be lazy, the other side will get ahead of it, and the result will be a lack of symmetry that may in time come to be a positive deformity.

Proper habits of breathing while you are doing housework are **very essential**. Keep up deep breathing as you go through the various exercises, and, of course, breathe only through your nose. If you have much sweeping and dusting to do it may be well to place a sponge over the nostrils, so that the air you draw in may be sifted of its dirt.

The finest thing about housework is that it does not neglect any muscles. The girl who washes and hangs out clothes, and irons and scrubs and sweeps, is not to be pitied. If she has the sense to make the most of her opportunity, she is getting the finest sort of physical development. The kitchen gymnasium has more graduates that do it credit than any other in the world.—*The Girl's Companion*.

### SERVING AND WAITING.

Is it hard, dear, to wait by the side of the road,

You, who yearn to be out in the throng  
On the highway of life, where the busy  
ones are—

The fearless, the brave, and the strong?

Is it hard to rejoice when the others attain

And the laurels on them are bestowed,  
While too feeble to run, and a-weary with  
pain,

You must wait by the side of the road?

Do you fancy the battles of life could be  
fought

And its victories won by the throng;  
That its splendid achievements could ever  
be wrought,

If it were not for you and your song?

Is it hard, dear, to wait by the side of the  
road,

While the busy ones press toward the  
goal;

To bid them good cheer, and to lighten  
each load,

By that sympathy sweet to the soul?

Is it hard, dear, this being a blessing to  
man,

And pointing his pathway above,  
When you know you're a part of God's  
infinite plan,

A link in the chain of His love?

Be glad in your heart, for your humble  
abode,

And your mission of peace in the strife.  
Be glad, dear, to wait by the side of the  
road,

As a spring, on the highway of life.

—Molly W. Anderson.

### WHAT A DAUGHTER CAN DO.

There is so much a daughter can do for her mother that it is hard to know where to begin. For years the mother has had the entire charge of things, and it is time she were relieved. Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Now you have a chance to reverse things. Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden

a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long. Patiently and uncomplainingly she has drudged along with no thoughts but for her children's welfare and comfort. It should be the daughter's joy, as well as duty, to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life. Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you.

FOLLOWING.

"Mamma, do keep Walter in! He follows me everywhere I go, and I can't be looking after him all the time."

Sadie spoke fretfully. It seemed to tease her to have little brother follow her when she did not want him near. When she felt like playing with him, she wished him to be always ready to play.

"I can keep him indoors now if you wish," said mamma, looking seriously at Sadie, "but in some other things he

will follow you, and I cannot help it."

"That's funny!" said Sadie. "You can always keep him in when you don't want him to run after me and I don't want him either."

"I do not mean following you on his little feet," said mamma, "I mean that he will follow your example, whether we want him to or not. If you are cross and unkind, he will be too, for he will feel so; and I cannot help his feelings. If you are disobedient, little brother will follow you. I have already had to punish him for doing what he has seen you do. Do you wish to help your brother to grow up naughty, dear?"

"Oh, no, mamma," said Sadie, a thoughtful expression coming into her eyes.

"Then be more careful yourself to do right, to be kind and to speak pleasantly, for Walter will surely follow your example in all these things.



A LUMP OF SUGAR FOR PERCY.



## Little Stories for Little Children.

### A GOOSEBERRY PARTY.

(A True Story.)

Little Sally Brown was skipping joyfully from one thing to another in her mamma's old-fashioned orchard, trying to think of some new and startling way in which to entertain her cousin Eva, who had come from the city for a few days' visit.

Together the cousins had reveled in the great barn, sliding down the hay and gathering the eggs; they had swung in the swing on the old apple tree and hung by their knees on its low branches; Eva had laughed until her sides ached at the funny old canvas hammock and they had both tumbled out of it a dozen times; they had become industrious building a play house under the big walnut tree and laughed and shouted as they knocked the croquet balls from one end of the ground to the other; but even with all these things to amuse them, the late afternoon found Sally looking restlessly about for something else, something new.

Little did she dream that it was Mr. Mischief Elf who now led her away from her generously arranged and legitimate play-ground, and guided her and her friend to the middle fence, on the other side of which grew Widow Terry's gooseberry bushes, the luxuriant growth pushing great branches through and over the fence, each laden with sour, half-ripe fruit.

The chums brushed along the bushes admiring (without knowing it, of course,) their healthy growth and abundant yield.

Eva helped herself to a berry, biting into it with an assurance of relish.

"Phew!" she cried, spitting it out quickly. "what in the world are such sour old things good for, anyway?"

"Oh, they are good to cook," said Sally, wisely nibbling one, "and make pie."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Eva, disgusted

at the mere suggestion of gooseberry pie. "I shouldn't care to eat them, but I think they would do fine to thread on a string to dec'rate a house."

"To what?" asked Sally, interested.

"To trim up the house for a party—a gooseberry party, of course, you know," said Eva, with sudden inspiration. Her big sister had recently entertained in the city, the house having been appropriately decorated, and Eva now proceeded to describe the whole affair to her country cousin.

"Oh, let us have a gooseberry party," cried Sally, not wishing to be behind the times.

"Just the thing," agreed Eva, "we will gather a lot and thread them, then string them around our play house and trim it up dandy—"

"And we can have gooseberry pie," put in Sally, gaily.

And gooseberry sherbet," cried Eva, and so they planned enthusiastically and fell to work picking the fruit to carry out their unique idea.

They talked and chatted abstractedly while they filled their aprons with Mrs. Terry's gooseberries with never a thought of wrong. But just as they had stripped the overhanging branches, Sally's brother burst upon them.

"You're going to catch it!" he cried, in a guying tone, pointing his finger at them. "You're going to catch it, I tell you, Miss Sally!"

The two girls jumped up and turned to him with surprised faces. At his first words they realized what they had done, and their hearts sank with a sense of guilt, yet they asked with one voice:

"What have we done?"

"Stolen Mrs. Terry's gooseberries. Mamma saw you and sent me to tell you to come right to her. Gee, but I'd hate to be you kids," he cried, as he ran on to the barn.

With their pretty air-castle thus rudely felled, the girls scattered the

berries in the deep grass and with shame and fear went to the house.

Both maids began to sob, when they met Sally's mother, and declared they did not know they were doing wrong.

"But," said Mrs. Brown, "did you not know that those bushes were Mrs. Terry's, and that she sells the fruit to help her to live?"

"Yes, ma'am," admitted Sally, "but I did not think."

"We did not go on her place; these were in your lot, so why were they not yours?" asked Eva, taking courage at this thought.

"If this little dress of yours that I am drying should blow into Terry's yard do you think they should claim it?" said Mrs. Brown.

"No, ma'am," said Eva, hanging her head.

"Well," said Mrs. Brown, "neither do berries which hang over the fence into our lot from their bushes belong to us. I'm so sorry that this has happened," she said, after giving them a long talk on the wrong and right of things, "but any way you can pay her the money for the wasted berries and ask her to forgive two thoughtless little girls who will never take anything that does not belong to them again.

At the thought of asking forgiveness the children began to cry bitterly, but when Mrs. Brown explained to them that the Lord will not forgive us until we show a true repentance and that true repentance is to make right, as far as it is possible whatever wrong we have done, and show a genuine sorrow by asking forgiveness and resolving to do wrong no more, they became willing and anxious to make amends.

Then Mrs. Brown put Sally and Eva in separate rooms and asked them to remain alone to think and pray while she learned from their neighbor the extent of the damage.

She was gone a long time, or so it seemed to the poor little girls who when alone sensed more keenly their thoughtless act and both cried tears of shame, fear and loneliness.

At length Mrs. Brown returned and

took them before Mrs. Terry, and tremblingly they paid her and begged her forgiveness.

Then they felt much happier; in fact they felt so good after the strain was over and they had conquered pride and righted as far as they could their wrong-doing, that they were glad they had learned the lesson of true repentance even at so great a cost.

In after years both declared that this little incident taught them conclusively that it is best to be honest, even in the smallest matters, but if they should injure any one that they should make all the amends possible. It also helped them to understand and believe the great saving principle of repentance as it was afterwards taught them in the Sabbath Schools of the Latter-day Saints.—*Ida S. Peay.*

#### DO IT WELL.

A group of children were happily playing on the broad door stone, under protecting shade trees.

"I'm the mother," cried the largest little girl. "There always has to be a mother, and I'm it."

Black-eyed Ned sat next. "I'm the father," he asserted, sturdily. "Nellie and Rob can be the children, but I'll be the father, and, of course I'll see to things."

A little blue-eyed tot of a girl saw a very good chance of being left out in this pretty family game.

"What am I?" she asked, a little pitifully.

"There has to be servants," said the self-selected father and mother. "That's all that's left that we can see."

"Well," remarked the wee girlie very sweetly, "I'll be a real nice one, then. Somebody has to do something for the rest, and it's just as good as anything if you do it nice."

#### "NAILED TO THE COUNTER."

Tom Dawson was on a visit to his uncle in the country, far away from the hustle of towns. The nearest village was just a few houses clinging to-

gether by the roadside, and in the middle of these was a little general store, to which Tom sometimes cycled from Uncle's farm.

The storekeeper Tom thought a queer old man. What first aroused his attention, and caused him to think this village shopkeeper different from all others he had seen, was this: at the end of his counter there was quite a number of coins with a nail through them, and hammered down to the counter.

"Nailed to the counter," Aunt called it when Tom questioned her on this matter.

"But why nailed to the counter, Aunt?" asked Tom.

"To keep them from doing any more mischief."

"How could they do mischief?"

"Oh! they could cheat folk, and make them lose their value. Did you look at them? You would see a make-believe two-shilling piece; and it's only lead; and when it was polished up some one went into John the storekeeper's and tried to pass it off for two shillings; but it was only a little bit of lead. The shopman soon saw it was a cheat; he got out his hammer and a nail, and soon he had it hammered fast to the counter, so that it would never cheat nor make believe any more. That's what John does with all the false coins that come his way. He's sharp at finding out sham money."

"That's why he would look so sharp at the worn sixpence I gave him. When I was waiting for my change I thought I had done something wrong. He picked it up, and seemed to me to be trying to look through it; he turned it round and round, and tried to bend it, and at last put it into his till, but even then he picked it out again, and had another look at it, then gave it a bang on the counter and listened to its tinkle; and then, after ever so long, he seemed satisfied, gave me my change, and let me go."

"Did he not give you a lecture on cheats and shams?" asked Aunt.

"No."

"Well, it's a wonder he didn't; that's a thing he does most uncommon often."

"Is he a preacher, Aunt?"

"No—well, I think he is, in a way. It does you good to hear him sometimes talking of frauds and shams; how the big world is full of make-believe folk; and if he had the power he would nail all shams to his counter, same as he does with bits of lead that try to pass for silver."

"Don't you think that it would be good, Aunt, if every fraud could get a nail put through it, and be kept from going any further?"

"A very good but a very hard thing to do, Tom. And yet there is not much need, after all, for God sees through the make-believes; we all stand naked and open in His eyes. We cannot deceive God," said Aunt, in a severe tone.

"Cheats and sneaks are always found out," said Tom, impetuously. "I've seen that often at school; and every one dislikes a cheat."

"Yes, shuffling's not much use," said Aunt; "better be open and above-board in everything. Do you remember the hymn—

"Keep conscience as the noontide clear:  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts survey"

"I'm off for another run," said Tom, as he made for the door and sprang upon his bike, and in a second or two was wheeling along a pleasant country lane; but as his machine whirred up the road, Aunt's words kept humming in his ears. He had learned a lesson on sincerity he had not been looking for, and there was forced into his mind the importance of earnestness, and what a foolish thing it is to pretend or make-believe, and how at last every deceit is found out, and gets "nailed to the counter."





Drawn by Lurena Eldredge (age, 11 years), Granger, Utah.

## The Children's Budget Box.

Some of the contributions printed in this number are especially good. To those whose stories, verses, or drawings have not been used we say: Don't be discouraged, but try again.

### My Daily Song.

Has the song that I sang today  
Helped to carry my work along?  
Has it cheered the earth  
With its joy and mirth?  
Was there happiness in my song?

Did the song that I sang today  
Any comfort or joy impart?  
Did it cease to roam  
Did it find a home?  
Did it lodge in some aching heart?

Did it soothe any pain found there?  
Did it give to the weary rest?  
Did it cleanse the air  
Of sorrow and care?  
Did it comfort the lonely breast?

Has the song that I sang today  
Given hope in the place of fear?  
Will it bring a smile  
In the after-while  
From the eyes dimmed with sorrow's  
tear?

Ila Fisher,  
Age 16 years. Heber City, Utah.

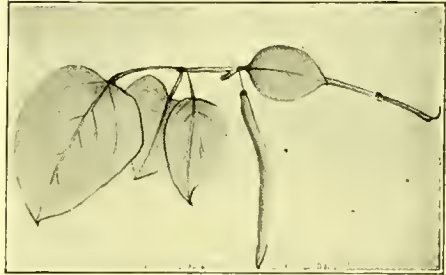
### Little May.

One early morning in summer, as the dew was rising from the grass and flowers, and the sun was peeping over the hill in the east, little May came walking down the hill with a basket on her arm and her hat hanging over her back. The child stooped and picked the flowers as she went. The sun was rising higher and the birds began to sing sweetly to her. All loved the sweet child, for she was gentle and kind to them. Just then a little breeze swept o'er the little valley and the flowers all nodded together and the little nest in the tree tops swayed to and fro as if it were a baby in a cradle. Little May walked down beside the brook which ran down the hill. The sun was

high and May was tired, so she sat down under the shade of a tree on a rock near the brook and watched it go babbling on.

After she had rested a while she got up and went on down the hill. The trees were very thick and the grass was tall and she was soon out of sight. Then all the flowers said, "we will wait till the sun rises once more and then she will be here again, for she brings joy and sunshine to us."

Alberta Huish,  
Age, 9 years. Mexico.



Catalpa Leaves (From Nature).

Maurine Peterson,  
Age, 12 years. Provo, Utah.

### Autumn.

The leaves are turning yellow,  
Orange, red, and brown,  
And the old wind as he passes  
Gently shakes them down.

The small buds nestle closer  
To the dear old willow's side,  
As if they sought for shelter  
Through the long night-tide.

The flowers have quit blooming,  
The vines are dry and bare,  
And the birds call to the leaves,  
That dance in the Autumn air.

And good old Mother Nature  
Calls her children to her breast,  
And there on the rich brown soil  
Gives them a bed to rest.

Myrtle Austin,  
Age, 12 years. Lincoln, Idaho.



## A Thought for Our Savior.

Christ our dear Savior,  
So loving and kind;  
Through our good behavior  
We shall His blessings find.

He gave his life to save us,  
That we might live again;  
How should we ever find a fault,  
Or cause Him any pain?

I shall try and do my best  
To gain His heavenly love;  
So when I die I may rest  
In His sweet home above.

Virginia Ellis,

Age, 9 years.

San Diego, Cal.



Master Wayne Driggs, son of Howard R. Driggs, of Salt Lake, and "Little Annie," a Piute papoose, of Cedar City.

## Not an Even Balance.

"Say, Mr. Brown," shouted a man from the corner, "have you seen a stray sorrel colt, about a year old, down your way?" "Y-e-r no!" was the dishonest reply. "I hain't seen 'em today." The man turned sadly away. He had expected to sell the colt, and in that way earn a few dollars more, to help pay off the heavy mortgage that was held on his farm.

When Mr. Brown turned away a funny feeling crept over him, and something seemed to say to him: Mr. Brown, you're a liar! But for all of this he turned coldly away and bent his sturdy steps toward home.

After the chores were attended to, and supper was over, Mr. Brown went to bed. He had not been there very long when everything seemed to change.

There was a very funny feeling come over him, as he looked more closely at the objects before him, and as the pictures became more vivid, he recognized Jesus standing by a huge pair of scales. Here he noticed something very peculiar for on one side of the scales he noticed all the good deeds he had ever done in his life, and on the other side he noticed all bad deeds he had done in life. The good deeds overbalanced the bad ones, until the very last, and then came the horrible stolen colt; that alone overbalanced all the good deeds of his life.

After this the picture vanished, and he awoke, and late as it was, he got up and took the horse back to its owner.

The poor man was very thankful to think that his colt was restored to him.

And Mr. Brown was no more the same man, for his little dream had reformed him in every way.

Clarice Wright,

Age 13 years.

Brigham City Utah.



Pioneer Parade at Sugar House Ward, July 24, 1910.

**COMPETITION NO. 8.****Christmas Number.**

Book premiums will be awarded for the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photography: Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

Subjects for this competition must be suitable to the Christmas season.

**Rules.**

Competition will close November 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses and stories should be written on one side of the paper only.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

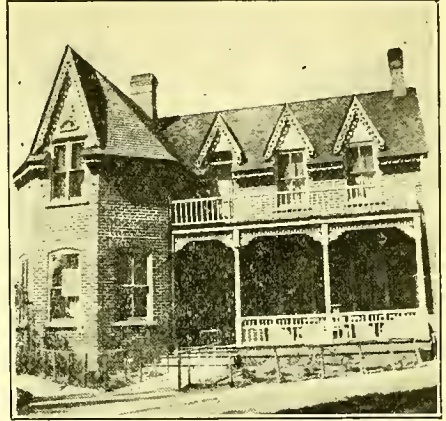


Photo by LeBaron Morrill,  
Age, 11 years. Panguitch, Utah.

**The Juvenile Instructor Puzzle Page.**

We appreciate the interest of our young readers who sent us such handsomely written copies of "The Beatitudes." While the number was not great, yet those received showed splendid penmanship. The following are the winners:

R. A. Hunter, 322 31st St., Ogden.

Veda Bitter, Collinston, Utah.

Estella Jones, Enoch, Utah.

Ivy A. Nielsen, Taylorville, Alberta, Can.

Elva Snyder, 984 E. Center St., Provo.

Emma Boyson, Stirling, Alta., Can.

Horace Smuin, 460 Wash. Ave., Ogden.

Pearl Peters, R.F.D. No. 2, Brigham City.

Syble Spande, Logan, Utah.

Bly Moody, Inkom, Idaho.

Stella Clawson, Cumberland, Wyo.

Nellie B. Loveland, Albion, Idaho.

Mary Jones, Box 26, Malad, Idaho.

A. E. Archibald, Herbert, Idaho.

Josie Buchanan, Venice, Utah.

Gladys Starkey, Cumberland, Wyo.

Golda Walker, Layton, Utah.

Anna M. Lewis, St. Johns, Ariz.

**ENIGMA.**

I'm composed of eight letters, syllables three,

How much of my whole you may use to find me

I'm not able to say; but 'tis clear without doubt

That syllable one you can never find out. The reason is plain—you will never begin

To try to find out what is always within.

This being the case, now, during the week,

For my second or third those who find me will seek,

And my whole you will find if my third you should do,

And when found will bring wealth to me and to you.

The idler, the sluggard, the sloth and the snail—

If you seek me where they are, you surely will fail;

But the ant is my friend, and the hard working man—

I'm seen all over Utah—Tell my name if you can,

For the best correct solutions of the above puzzle we will award book prizes.

**Rules.**

All answers must be in by November 1st.

Address: Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

**A LITTLE BOY'S WORK.**

The biggest person in the world,

Can't do my littlest work—

And that is why the littlest boy



Can be the biggest shirk.















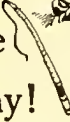






—Bessie Cahoone Newton

# PINKY-WINKY STORIES






II






CLIP, clap! went the , and lo and behold, a Pinky-Winky Pony! "The Pinky-Winky ,




Uncle Billy, "lived in Nat's nursery with the  and the  and the  and the  and all the other toys. Nat loved the  and the  and the  and the  and all the other toys, but best of all he loved the Pinky-Winky . He was a gay little  with a beautiful black . And he was a good little  ---Oh yes!---and stood so still in his stall and rocked so softly when Nat rode on his back. But he had one bad trick---Oh yes! Whenever a strange little  rode on his back, and  stood by with the , the Pinky-Winky  ran away! Rock, rock! he would go, so hard that the strange little  would beg to get off, and  would get on instead. Dear, dear!  how could he be cured! Now one day little Cousin Lulu came to see , and, pit-a-pat, up she ran to the nursery. First Nat showed her the .




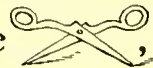


'No, no!' said . Then he showed her the . 'No, no!' said . Then he beat the  and blew the . 'No, no!' said Lulu,






and she began to cry. But just then she spied the . 'Ride, ride!' she cried, and climbed up in the , and Nat stood by with the . And then, dear, dear, the Pinky-Winky pony

ran away! Rock, rock! he went, and off went , and over went the , and down went , and up came Mama, running. When she picked them all up,

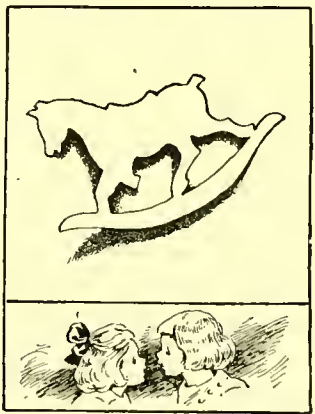
there was a bump on Lulu's head, and the pony had lost an  and a  and his beautiful black  --- like this." Snip, snap! went the ,

and there was the pony without an ear and a leg and his beautiful black

tail. "Can you mend him, Mama?" asked . 'If he is cured of running away,' said

. Then Nat hung his head and went and kissed .

And if you'll believe me, the Pinky-Winky Pony was really



cured of running away, --- oh yes! --- so that never did he run away again as long as he lived!"



## In Jocular Mood.

### Then Grandma Did Scmething.

"Grandma, did you like that gumdrop?"  
"Yes; I liked it very much, dear."  
"Well, Towser didn't. He spit it out twice."

### Worse Yet.

Nodd—"Mourn for me, old man; I married a woman with absolutely no sense of humor."

Todd—"That's nothing to my cross."

Nodd—"What's that?"

Todd—"My wife has one."—Life.

### A New Idea of Economy.

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, ma'am, it's economy," Tommy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."

### A New Kind of Blessing.

A young lady who taught a class of small boys in the Sunday school desired to impress on them the meaning of returning thanks before a meal. Turning to one of the class, whose father was a deacon in the church, she asked him:

"William, what is the first thing your father says when he sits down to the table?"

"He says, 'Go slow with the butter, kids; it's forty cents a pound,'" replied the youngster.—Everybody's.

### Happiness on Pants.

The school principal was trying to make clear to his class the fundamental doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

"Now, boys," he said, "I will give you each three ordinary buttons. Here they are. You must think of the first one as representing life, of the second one as representing liberty, and the third one as representing the pursuit of happiness. Next Sunday I will ask you to produce the three buttons, and tell me what they represent."

The following Sunday the teacher said to the youngest member: "Now, Johnny, produce your three buttons, and tell what they stand for."

"I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed, holding out two of the buttons. "Here's life, and here's liberty, but mamma sewed the pursuit of happiness on my pants!"

### Mislaid.

The hen returned to her nest, only to find it empty.

"Very funny," said she; "I can never find things where I lay them."—Lippincott's.

### At the Restaurant.

Old Gentleman (to waiter)—"Can you tell me if my wife is here?"

Waiter—"Yes, sir, eighth hat to the left."—Fliegende Blaetter.

### Would Break it Slowly.

"Now," said an Irishman, after a serious accident to a fellow-miner, "we'll have to send some man to break the news to Moriarity's wife."

"Send Hannigan," suggested one of the gang. He's just the man to break the news gradual—he stutters."

### Waiting.

Aunt Anna asked her little nephew what he would like to give his cousin for his birthday.

"I know," he answered, "but I ain't big enough."—The Delineator.

### A Quiet Joker.

Wandering over a field one day a man came across a large stone inscribed: "Turn me over."

After much difficulty he succeeded in turning it over, and found on the under side of the stone the words: "Now turn me back again, so that I can catch some other idiot."

### It Always Beats.

The minister was addressing the Sunday school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?" During this course for oratorical effect a small voice was heard. "I know. It's the gas-meter."—Tit-Bits.

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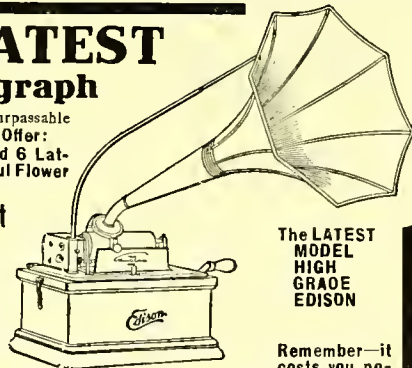
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## Book Review.

A great many of the boys of today think that there are no opportunities open to them. They feel that unless their father or some interested friend helps them they cannot get a fair chance in the world. Some of them, too, have a false idea of success. To all of our boys and young men we would commend "Parton's Captains of Industry." This book gives, in an interesting manner, the struggles, the persistency, the honesty and the success of such men as Henry Bessemer, Elihu Burritt, Alvan Clark, Peter Cooper, Ezra Cornell, Horace Greeley, John Harrison, Chauncy Jerome, Abbott Lawrence, Christopher Ludwick, David Mavdole, Michael Reynolds. They were all MEN, and the young men of today would do well to become acquainted with them and learn their methods.

The book is published in cloth binding, containing 114 pages, at 25c, by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston.

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Neither one of these catalogues contains a complete list of the publications of this company, but each is complete in its own field. The first named contains a list of books "especially prepared for class use in colleges, and books for reference in connection with college courses." The catalogue is divided according to subjects treated, and subdivided according to authors. The second named is arranged the same as the first and contains a list of books "especially prepared for class use in the grades and in high schools, books for school libraries and professional books for the use of teachers." The third named is described by the title. The arrangement is according to authors.

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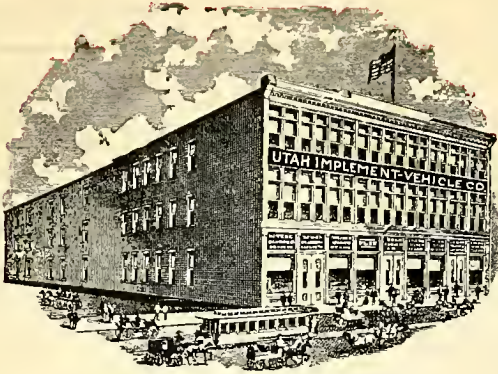
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